BYTAL-PUCHISI;

OR THE

TWENTY-FIVE TALES

OF

BYTAL,

Translated

FROM THE BRUJBHAKHA

INTO

ENGLISH.

BY

RAJAH KALEE-KRISHEN BEHADUR,

M. A. S., C. M. R. A. S., &c. &c.

Calcutta:

PRINTED AT THE SOBHA-BAZAR PRESS.

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Cursus:

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LORD W. C. BENTINCK,

G. C. B. & G. C. H.

GOVERNOR-GENERAL & COMMANDER IN CHIEF

OF

FORT WILLIAM IN BENGAL,

&c. &c. &c.

THE GREAT PATRON OF HINDU IMPROVEMENT,

THIS WORK

IS VERY RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

(WITH PERMISSION)

BY

HIS EXCELLENCY'S

MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

KALEE-KRISHEN.

HIS EXCELLENCY

THE

(WITH PERMISSION)

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

THIS WORK

BY THE GREAT MOGUL'S MOST OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT

THE AUTHOR

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD MACLEAN IN BENGAL

&c &c &c

PREFACE.

The work which the Translator presents to the public in an English dress, is in high estimation among the Natives. The present translation does not pretend to elegance; it was undertaken as being calculated to exhibit the native mode of thinking and acting; all therefore that has been aimed at is fidelity.

The original of this work is *Sanskrit*, and as ancient as the period of the reign of the king Vicramáditya. The Bengáli version of it was made by the especial order of Mahá-Rájah Jaya-singha Sévái, Behádur, (the ruler of Jaanagar,) to Kavishwara, one of the courtiers of the Rájà. The work was afterwards rendered into *Bruj-bhà-khà* and printed in the Hindu year 1227.

The Translator believes, that the first version was made according to the original, and that the second has been done like the first; but he has not examined it scrupulously.

The Translator trusts to the indulgent consideration of his readers to overlook any deficiencies which may be discovered by the critical, from a regard to the motives by which he is induced to lay the present attempt before the public.

KALEE-KRISHEN.

Calcutta, Sóbhá-Bázâr,
the 25th March, 1834.

THE

BYTAL-PUCHISI.

Introduction.

In ancient times there reigned a king, in the city of Dhára, by name Gundharva Séna He had four wives, by whom he was blessed with six sons. When the princes grew up to years of manhood, they became renowned throughout the whole country for their great learning and warlike accomplishments. In process of time the old king died being full of days, and Shunkra his eldest son reigned in his stead.

This created great jealousy in the heart of Vicrama, a younger brother, who being very powerful soon gathered together a large body of warriors and gave battle to his eldest brother. Fortune declared Vicrama victor, and the dead body of his brother was found amongst the number of the slain. This event gave him an open passage to the throne, for none of his other brothers dared to oppose him. It might have been supposed, that the circumstance of his

hand being imbrued in the blood of his brother, would have been a bar to his ambitious projects; it was however, otherwise, and he ascended the throne without any further opposition. Possessing great prudence he governed the people with moderation, and gained the general good-will by the mildness of his government; while his great military talents enabled him to keep the malecontents in awe. His kingdom increased in wealth and power, and new states were daily added to his dominions, till at last he became sole lord of *Jumbudip*.

After some time, it came into the king's mind to assume the dress of a mendicant, and pay a visit to all the different states by which he was surrounded, placing a younger brother on the throne to act for him till his return.

In a certain part of the city, dwelt a Brahmun, who spent the whole of his time in acts of devotion and prayer. One day a goddess appeared to him in the midst of his devotions, and presented him with a beautiful fruit, saying: " O Brahmun! take this fruit, its virtues are wonderful, whoever partakes of it will become immortal."

The Brahmun received the fruit, and retiring to the inner apartments of his house, presented it to his wife, at the same time saying: "My beloved wife, eat of this fruit, and you will for ever escape death, for such are the words of a goddess." The wife of the Brahmun hearing this, burst into tears, and in the fullness of her heart, said: "It is a disgraceful thing to accept of a gift from any; I would rather die this moment than live for ever, if compelled to live upon the bounty of my fellow creatures: death is a debt we all must pay, and when the debt is paid we are free from pain. No, my dearest lord, I cannot accept of so dangerous a gift, for death is preferable to life upon such uncertain terms." The Brahmun hearing this, said, " Had you accepted my gift, I would have freely bestowed it upon you; but in listening to your words I am myself confounded, and know not what

answer to give; let me know, therefore, what are your commands respecting this fruit, I bind myself to obey them, let them be what they may." She replied: "Present this fruit to the king, for to him such a blessing would be invaluable; he in return will no doubt bestow upon us riches, by which we may enjoy great felicity in this world, and, by the alms that our wealth will enable us to bestow, gain eternal happiness in the world to come." The Brahmun agreeing to this proposal, went immediately to the king, and after blessing him related all the particulars respecting the fruit, exclaiming: "This inestimable fruit, great king, is worthy only to be presented to your majesty, take it therefore, and eat it without fear; for by doing so, you will enjoy an endless life, which will be a great happiness to your family and a blessing to your people; and in return make me also happy by your bounty." The king hearing of the wonderful properties of the fruit accepted it, and in return bestowed a lac of rupees on the Brahmun, who departed from the presence highly delighted with his good fortune.

Much pleased at the possession of such a rarity, the king retired to the inner apartment of the palace, and presented the fruit to one of his favorite queens, expatiating largely on its virtues and earnestly pressing her to eat of it: he concluded with saying: "My best beloved, eat of this fruit, that I may always behold you in the bloom of youth and beauty." The queen accepted the fruit, and the king left her to attend the public audience.

This unhappy queen carried on a criminal intercourse with a certain *cutwal*, and to him in the joy of her heart, she presented the fruit. The *cutwal* in his turn gave it to a celebrated courtesan of whom he was enamoured, not without fully apprising her of its virtues. This woman, thinking that a fruit so rare and valuable was worthy the acceptance of the king, took it to the palace, and presented it to him. At this the prince was greatly surprised; he, however, said

nothing, but accepted the fruit and handsomely rewarded the woman. Contemplating the fruit, the king spoke thus to himself: "It is true indeed, that all worldly charms are of a sinful nature; it is better then for man to devote his life to religious meditation, and to fix his affections on that Being, who is the source of all our joys, and from whom alone salvation can be obtained."

With these reflections, he went into the royal seraglio, and questioned the queen about the fruit. She replied: "I have eaten it." "False woman," exclaimed the king, showing her the fruit, "what then is this?" The queen on seeing it was struck with consternation, so that scarcely any life remained in her: leaving her in a violent rage, the king ordered the fruit to be washed, and taking it with him, he left the palace unknown to every one, and assumed the disguise of a mendicant. The throne thus becoming vacant, a brother of the king's reigned in his place.

The news of this event soon reached the ears of Indra, the king of a race of inferior deities or demons, who sent one of them to keep watch day and night, and guard the kingdom till the king's return.

It happened that a rumour was spread about this time all over the city, that the king Bhurtrihuri had also quitted his throne and kingdom; and was gone no one knew where. No sooner did these tidings reach the ears of king Vicrama, than he returned with all speed to his kingdom. Entering on its borders in the dead of the night, he was encountered by the demon placed to guard his kingdom, who accosted him with a voice of thunder in these words. "Who are you, and where are you going; stop, I command you, and give me first your name, or you may not pass." The king replied: "I am king Vicrama, passing to my own dominions; and who are you that dare thus to oppose me?" The demon replied, "I am the demon appointed by the king Indra to guard this place; but should you really be the king Vi-

crama, you may pass on condition that you first wrestle with and overcome me, for none but king Vicrama can do so." The king on hearing this was greatly enraged, and said, "Bold and daring demon, I fear not to wrestle with you; therefore prepare yourself for the combat without delay." Upon this the demon rushed upon the king, and they remained entwined within each other's arms for a considerable time; but the king, by his superior strength, threw the demon to the ground with great violence and bestrode his chest in triumph. The demon then exclaimed: "O king! I acknowledge myself conquered; but still I have saved your life." The king smiled and rejoined: "Are you distracted that you talk in this manner? In what way have you saved my life? I can instantly if I wish take your's, what power have you therefore to save mine?" To this the demon replied: "I can point out the way, in which you may escape the death designed for you; listen, therefore, to what I have to say, for by paying attention to my words, you may become sole monarch of the world." The king on hearing this, ordered him to rise and inform him how this could be. "For at present," said he, "you speak in enigmas."

The demon then began his narration thus:—"One day king Chundrábhun, of this place, entering into a wilderness, was struck with surprise at the sight of a devotee, suspended from a tree with his head downwards, who refused all sustenance and lived only on air. On returning to his palace, the king issued a proclamation, in which he offered a reward of a lac of rupees, to any person who should persuade this devotee to come to his palace. A celebrated courtesan of the place, hearing this proclamation, appeared before the king, and said: 'O king! I will engage to bring this devotee to you, and not only to bring him, but to have intercourse with him, and have a child by him, which child I will compel him to bring on his shoulders to your presence.' The king was filled with wonder at the boldness of the wo-

man; but as he was extremely desirous of seeing the devotee, he was willing that the woman should try the experiment, promising her the reward he had offered and additional gifts if she succeeded. After being honored with *pán* and *betel*, she departed, and went straight towards the forest. There she found the devotee suspended from the tree, and quite emaciated in consequence of his entire abstinence from food. In pursuance of her project, the woman prepared some very delicious sweetmeat, which she put to his mouth. This sweetmeat produced an immediate change in his mind; he put forth his tongue, and tasted it. Thus she plied him for two days; this gave him a little strength, and coming down from the tree, he viewed her very attentively, and said: 'O woman! what is the reason of your being here?' She replied: 'I am the daughter of a goddess, and having performed my religious duties in heaven, I am come to behold you.' The devotee then wished to know where she dwelt. She said, 'Come and see,' and she brought him to her abode, and placed a variety of refreshments before him, of which he partook very heartily, and from that day he lived like other human beings. Cupid began now to play him some of his wanton tricks, for he viewed the woman with eyes of lust, which soon put an end to his devotions and austerities. In short, he at last yielded to his passion, and in due time, the woman was safely delivered of a male child. When the child was a few months old, the father expressed a great desire to go on a pilgrimage, to mortify the works of the flesh; he was however overcome by the seducing words of the woman, and being prevailed on to take the child upon his shoulders, he proceeded with her to the palace of the king. In this manner she presented herself to the prince, and was immediately recognised by him. Turning to his courtiers, he exclaimed: 'Behold here a wonder indeed! For is not this the woman that went to bring the devotee?' They replied: "Yes, great king, it appears she has actually fulfilled her promises, by

bringing the devotee, bearing his own child on his shoulders.' These words coming to the ears of the devotee, filled him with rage against the king, whom he considered as the author of his disgrace: he fled from the spot in haste, and retired into a desert forest, far from the habitations of man, with an intent to renew his austerities with increased rigour, resolved to kill himself rather than again allow any temptation of the flesh to draw him from them. Some time after this, the king died, and the story was forgotten."

"You," continued the demon, "and two other individuals were born in the same hour, and under the influence of the same planet. You had your birth in a royal family, and accordingly have in due time become the monarch of a powerful kingdom. The second individual was born in the house of an oil-man, and in process of time reigned over the subterranean world. The third first saw the light under the roof of a porter. This man having killed the oil-man leads the life of a devotee; and transforming himself by his skill in magic into a demon, is now living, surrounded by demons, in a cemetery, where he is suspended like a corpse from a *séras* tree. His object is to possess himself of your throne, for the attainment of which he is employing all his machinations to destroy you. Hence, if you wish to enjoy your kingdom, beware of this devotee, be careful of all your actions, and in particular beware of putting trust in strangers."

Having concluded his narrative, the demon departed, and the king arrived at his own palace without further molestation.

At the dawn of the following day the king gave orders for a public levee, which was crowded by courtiers with *nuzurs* and congratulations for his majesty's return. The royal band played many pleasing and cheerful tunes, and great rejoicings took place throughout the kingdom, which continued for many days, so that the king ruled his dominions in tranquillity and happiness.

One day a devotee appeared before the king and presented a beautiful fruit, and then departed suddenly no one knew where. It occurred to the king that this perhaps was the devotee of whom the demon had bid him beware; he would not therefore taste the fruit; but ordered the superintendant of his kitchen to keep it carefully. The devotee in this manner appeared daily before the king and disappeared after presenting him with a fruit. On a certain occasion when the king, attended by his courtiers, went to the royal stables, to examine the horses, the devotee appeared before him in the road, and presented him with a fruit of the usual kind. While the king was playing with it, it accidentally fell from his hands, and a monkey catching it up, broke it into two, and out fell a most splendid diamond. The king looking at the great size and beauty of the diamond, was greatly agitated, and said to the devotee: "Why have you given me this gem?" He replied: "Great king, it is written in the shastras that we should never go empty handed to such places as these—to a king, a spiritual guide, to an astrologer, or to one's daughters; because in such places, one may obtain fruit for fruit. But why, O king! speak you of one gem? every fruit that I have given you contains a similar one." Hearing this the king ordered all the fruits to be brought to him, and broke them in the presence of the devotee. Out of each fell a gem equal to the first in every respect. At the sight of these gems the king was quite astonished, and sent for the chief jeweller of the palace to examine them, saying to him: "As nothing that a man possesses in this world, can be carried by him beyond the grave, lose not sight of truth in this matter; but tell me truly what is the real value of each gem to the best of your judgment." The jeweller receiving such a command, said: "May it please your majesty, he that adheres to truth preserves every thing, for it is the only recommendation in this world, and the only passport to that which is to come:

I therefore declare truly and justly, that all these jewels are perfect, as to color, shape and brilliancy, and of a value so great that a large and flourishing kingdom would not purchase one of them." Pleased with such a declaration, the king honored the jeweller with a *khelut*, or dress of honour, and made many valuable presents. Then taking the devotee by the hand, he brought him to the palace, and said: "That all the treasures of my kingdom should not be equal to the value of one of these gems, is to me most astonishing, therefore pray tell me whence a poor mendicant like you, could procure such treasures ?" The devotee replied: " An answer to this question cannot be given in public, for things that relate to incantation, medicine, religion, family affairs, unlawful food, and disgrace, are spoken of in private." The devotee also said : " It is a general opinion that when a secret is divulged to six ears, it can never be buried in oblivion, when to four, it can never be found out by creatures; but when communicated to two, it cannot be known even to Brahmá."

The king accordingly took the devotee to a retired place, and said to him, " I feel quite ashamed on account of the favours you have bestowed upon me, therefore, ask of me what you will, and I will grant it, if it be within the compass of my power." The devotee replied, " Great king! on the banks of the river Gôadávrí, there is a certain spot, on which the carcasses of many have been consumed: at this spot I wish to offer my prayers, with a view to obtain the eighth part of all supernatural knowledge. To this spot I request you will repair and spend one night agreeably to my directions. Thus you may do me the only favour it is in your power to bestow." The king replied, " Well, I will comply with your request, only inform me of the particular time at which you require my attendance." The devotee

replied, "On the 14th lunar day of August I shall expect you, but be sure to come well armed."

To these proposals the king agreed, and the devotee took leave of him, and repaired to his abode in a temple, where he employed himself for some time composing potent charms and incantations which he required for the accomplishment of his purposes, and then proceeded to the appointed spot to await the arrival of the king. At the appointed time the King arrayed in a travelling habit, and armed with a good scymitar and other weapons, proceeded to the place denoted by the devotee. The devotee on seeing him bade him welcome, and desired him to sit down.

The king looking around, observed many shadows flitting about him, and evil spirits dancing in all directions to the music of an unknown instrument played upon by the devotee. This sight would have appalled the generality of mankind; but it had no effect upon the king; he viewed it with perfect indifference, and said to the devotee: "O man of learning! I have come according to my promise, what commands have you now with me?" The devotee replied, "I have much for you to do; therefore attend. About four miles to the south of this spot lies the land of enchantment; in the middle of it, you will find a *séras* tree, from one of the branches of which is suspended a corpse; you must take down this corpse and cut off its head and bring it to me, for on it depends the success of my incantations. Now go, while I remain here in prayer to Heaven for your success." Upon this the king departed, and the devotee became deeply absorbed in meditation.

The night was unusually dark and gloomy, and this gloom appeared to increase, for the moment the king left the devotee, a heavy storm commenced accompanied with awful thunder and vivid flashes of lightning, which continually played about his path; now and then came heavy gusts of

wind, that tore up trees by their roots; and whirled them in the air in a terrific manner. To evade the fury of this dreadful hurricane, the king was frequently obliged to prostrate himself upon the ground. The rain also fell in such torrents, that the king feared he should be swept away by it. To add to the terrors of this dreadful night, demons and spirits of a thousand horrid shapes were sporting in the air, and menacing him with instant death. Nothing could daunt this brave prince, for he proceeded fearlessly on; he had not however gone far, before he found his legs suddenly entwined by large snakes which amazed him much; but on his pronouncing a short incantation, they fled from him in every direction.

After overcoming many difficulties the king arrived at the destined spot. Here indeed the sight was dreadful, and beggars all description. In one part he beheld demons of dreadful forms, seizing human bodies and tearing them in piecemeal; in another, witches sucking the blood of young children, and feeding upon their livers; in another, tigers running to and fro with their mouths besmeared with blood, and their bodies clotted with human gore; and in another, elephants trampling upon living bodies, and tossing them in the air and scattering their mangled limbs about. The king still pursued his course undaunted till he beheld the tree, which appeared enveloped in flames, while a most dreadful voice was continually issuing from it, saying: "Smite away! smite, and see that none escape, or take to flight." This he imagined was the voice of the devotee mentioned by the demon; he, however, approached the tree, and saw a carcass suspended from one of its branches by a rope.

At the sight of this he rejoiced, thinking that his labors were not in vain: he mounted the tree with alacrity, without being incommoded by the flames, which were merely a phantasm, and with one flourish of his sword, he cut the

string which held the corpse. The moment the corpse fell to the ground, a voice issued from it, which he was very glad to hear. He asked the voice who it was: such a question caused the Bytál(or corpse)to burst into a violent laughter, which very much disconcerted the king, to whose great surprise the Bytál appeared again suspended from the tree as a corpse, in its former situation. Though greatly amused, the king again climbed the tree, and said, " O thou infidel and Chandál! tell me who thou art," and brought it to the ground in his arms. By the silence of the Bytál, respecting itself, he fully believed it to be the very person mentioned by the demon, and consequently the author of all the enchantments by which he was surrounded. Therefore, without saying a word more, he wrapped the Bytál in a piece of cloth, and proceeded with it to the devotee. The Bytál then said: " O king! he that is learned, spends his time in something useful, his leisure in reading instructive books, and his hours of recreation in singing and dancing, but the idle, in swearing, quarreling, sleeping and frivolous discourse; but as we are not of the latter description, it is commendable in us to spend our time in something useful and instructive, therefore, O king! lend an ear to *me*, and I will relate, some pleasing Tales that will tend to the advantage of both."

Tale I.

THERE was a certain king in Benáras, Pratàpa Mukuta by name, who had a son named Bagra Mukuta. This young prince took to wife a young princess named Mahádèví of great beauty and various accomplishments. One day, the

prince accompanied by the grand vizier's son, went on a hunting excursion to a distant forest. They arrived on the borders of a large and beautiful tank: a number of wild swans were sporting in its silvery waves; and on its banks various larger birds of the forest were fearlessly playing, happy in the retirement by which they were surrounded; the four sides of the tank were handsomely cut, and formed a complete carpet of verdure, and the tank was partially overspread with the soft and delicate lotus: the banks were richly enameled with a great variety of charming shrubs and flowers, regulary planted close to each other, the dwarf plants being placeed nearest the tank and the larger further in the back-ground, which formed on all sides a delightful amphitheatre of flowers of a thousand different hues and colors; innumerable birds warbled forth their wild notes far superior to the best arranged orchestra. These various beauties gave the forest a charming appearance, and formed a perfect paradise of nature. Numerous peacocks were perched upon the trees which, by the rays of the sun reflected upon their beautiful plumage, formed an assemblage of tints and colors almost too glorious for mortal eyes to behold.

The prince and the vizier's son, on beholding such a delightful place, alighted and having washed their hands and faces, left their horses near an adjacent pagoda, sacred to Mahádéva. They entered the temple to pay their homage to the image of Shiva.

While the young king was engaged in his devotions, a young princess accompanied by her attendants came to bathe in this beautiful and far famed tank, and having performed all the required exercises of religion, took shelter under the shade of a Banian tree, the natural palace of the east.

The vizier's son was seated near this magnificent tree,

and at the opposite side of the tank, the young prince was walking backwards and forwards. No sooner did the princess cast her eyes upon him, than the fire of love was enkindled in her heart, and she invoked Cupid to light up the same flame in the heart of the stranger; she then took a lotus that was on her head, and touched her ears with it, and having chewed it with her pearl-like teeth, put it under her feet, and afterwards placed it on her heart; having done this, she mounted a beautiful horse covered with cloth of gold, and decorated with costly pearls, and departed from the place.

The prince seeing her departure fell into great despair, and coming to the vizier's son very sorrowfully related every circumstance respecting the silent interview he had with that divine beauty, whose name and habitation were totally unknown to him. "My passion for this goddess is hopeless," said he, "for where can she be found, or how or in what manner shall I obtain her?" Under this feeling of despair he had thoughts of killing himself: the vizier's son, seeing his situation, requested him to mount his horse, that they might return without any further delay to the place. "The evening," said he, "approaches, and we have no place of shelter nearer than the palace. The prince upon this mounted his horse, and leaving the place, they arrived without any further adventures at the palace.

From that time the prince was plunged in deep melancholy, and refused all kinds of comfort, or nourishment, abandoning himself to a settled despair, spending his time in meditating upon the beauties of this lovely unknown. The vizier's son pitied his unhappy situation, and said: "Indeed, it is a true saying, that he who enters the dangerous paths of love, seldom or never gets out of them again; should he be so fortunate as to extricate himself, it must be with great difficulty; on this account it is that the learned fly far

from the company of women; they fear their bewitching smiles, therefore they shut their eyes upon their attractions, they shun their alluring charms and abandon the haunts of men, that they may live free from the dangerous witchery of love." The young prince hearing these words, said :" Your cautions are come too late, I have insensibly got into this dilemma, and cannot therefore break my chains; if I succeed in obtaining the object of my wishes, it is well; but if not, death will soon close up this scene of my mortal career." When the vizier's son heard the prince speak so deeply on the subject, he asked, if he had had any conversation with this beauty. The prince replied, "No," upon which the young man said: " To succeed in this business is a matter of great difficulty." He then inquired: "Did this woman make any signals to you, or throw out any hints by way of encouragment?" The prince answered :" None; she appeared quiet unmoved, but still her behaviour was strange; for this lovely girl, when she saw me, took a lotus from off her head, and looking at me with her charming and heaven-born eyes touched her ears with it, then putting it in her mouth chewed it with her teeth for a short time, she put it under her feet, and after that, placed it on her heart." The vizier's son then assured the prince, that he could guess who the girl was, and what her signals meant. Upon this the young prince was greatly rejoiced, and requested him to give full satisfaction by relating all he knew of the signals. The vizier's son then replied: " Touching her ear with the lotus signifies that she is a native of the Carnatic; chewing it with her teeth, denotes her being the daughter of king Danta-Vanta; putting it under her feet, is a sign that her name is Padmávati; and placing it on her heart, is a token of true love to you." Hearing this explanation, the prince became very happy, and requested the vizier's son to accompany him on an immediate journey to the country of his beloved.

On his agreeing to the proposal, the prince put on an elegant travelling suit, richly bedecked with gems, and having well armed themselves they left the palace together and proceeded on their journey mounted on beautiful and swift-footed chargers. After travelling for some days, they entered the kingdom of their desires, and on coming in view of the palace, they alighted from their horses, and looking around them, their attention was attracted by an old woman, who was seated at her door, engaged in spinning. The prince and his companion accosted her with great freedom, calling her mother, that term of respect by which the young address the old in the east, and saying: "We are merchants that travel from country to country; our goods will soon arrive, for it is our intention to take up our residence in this city for a short time, therefore, during our stay we beg the favor of being allowed to dwell with you." The old woman looking upon them, and seeing their noble deportment, and considering their polite manner of speaking, was convinced they were men of rank, and therefore answered them according to their desires, saying: "Consider my house as your own during your stay in this city, and live here in perfect freedom, according to the desire of your hearts." Accordingly they entered the house, and their old hostess entered into conversation with them. The vizier's son asked her several questions, among them how many children, friends, and dependants, were residing with her in the house, and how she passed her days, and what she had to support herself with? she replied: "I am in the service of the Rája of this place, from him I receive money, these jewels, and every thing I require. I was nurse to the Princess Padmàvatì, and having now attained to a great age, I live in my own house upon the bounty of my sovereign, who honours me with his notice. I have also the privilege of entering the inner apartments of the palace at all

hours of the day and night, to see his daughter, who always receives me like a mother. I fail not to go once a day to pay my respects to her; the remainder of my time I spend in domestic duties." The prince on hearing this account from the old woman, was filled with joy and blessed his good fortune in leading him to so favourable a place; and opening his whole heart to her, requested her assistance in this affair. "When you go to-morrow," said the Prince, "to visit the princess, be the bearer of a message from me." She replied: "My son, there is no need to wait till to-morrow, for the business can be done directly; relate to me what you wish to say to the princess, and I will instantly take your message to her." The prince replied: "Do so then, and you shall find me ready to reward your services to the utmost of your desires. Tell her that the son of a king, whom she saw on such a day near a tank, (describing every thing,) has lately arrived here and wishes to see her."

As soon as the woman heard this, she took her ivory staff, and walked to the palace, where she fortunately found the princess alone, and was received by her in her usual affable manner; and being seated, she spoke to her in the following words: "As the hairs of my head are grown grey in the service of your family, and as by the mercy of kind Heaven, I have lived to see you arrive at the age of blooming youth, I long to see you enjoy that happiness you so richly deserve; therefore I wish to see you married to some prince worthy of you: if one deserving such transcendent charms can be found, then I shall die content. The young prince whom you saw at the tank on the 5th day of May last, has arrived this day at my house, and has requested me to ask you to give effect to what you had then in contemplation; in my humble opinion he is

worthy of you, and it would be a fit match, for as you are the most beautiful princess in the world, without doubt he is the most beautiful among princes, and possesses inexhaustible learning,"

The princess on hearing these words was greatly enraged, and besmeared her with white sandal, giving her a slight slap on the cheek, and charging her with impertinence, drove her out of the palace. Vexed at such treatment, the aged nurse retired to the prince and related every thing to him without reserve. The prince at this untoward result became greatly amazed, but the Viziar's son bade him not be discouraged, for he had nothing to fear. "All these signs," said he, "are favorable to your wishes; the marks of fingers besmeared with white sandal, indicates that there are ten days more of this moon, after that, the nights will be dark, when the princess will joyfully receive you." Ten days after this, the old woman went again to the princess, and spoke to her upon the same subject. The princess then took some powdered saffron, and making three marks upon her nurse's cheek sent her away. The old woman having no remedy was obliged to return to the prince, and relate to him the bad success of her second visit on his behalf, which caused him deep sorrow: the Viziar's son, however, told him to take courage, for this also had some secret meaning. The young prince then earnestly besought him to explain it, if within his power, upon which he replied, "The princess for secret reasons cannot grant your desires for three days, but on the fourth day, she will see you, and fulfil your wishes." On the fourth day, the old woman went for the third time to the princess, and enquired after her health: the princess, being vexed, drove her to the back part of the palace, and pushed her through a small door, on the southern side. The prince on receiving this news gave every thing up for lost, but the Viziar's son said to him

with a smiling countenance, " Do not despair, for this sign is a very good one. This night you will be introduced to the princess, and your entrance to the palace will be through the very door by which the old woman was sent out."

This news caused great delight in the mind of the prince, and at sunset he attired himself in a very magnificent suit of purple velvet richly embroidered with gold, a costly turban, and splendid side-arms; and at the dead and silent hour of midnight, when all the inhabitants of the city were buried in profound sleep, the prince proceeded to the palace. On reaching it, he was conducted to the princess, and to his great joy he saw her waiting for him most splendidly dressed. She received him with a gracious smile, and led him to the painted saloon, where the prince observed many beautiful female slaves, waiting for him, ready to fulfil his commands. In one corner of this splendid saloon were placed beautiful parterres of flowers; in another, vases full of essences and rose-water; in another, scented *Chóá* and sandal; in another, saffron placed in cups of gold; in another, costly vessels full of the most exquisite sweatmeats and conserves; in another, excellent viands in golden salvers of every description, to please the eye and gratify the taste. All the doors and walls were richly gilt, and ornamented with a profusion of beautiful paintings of such ravishing beauty and admirable workmanship, that many went mad though delight at viewing their charms. In short, every part of this and the adjacent apartments, was filled with all the rarest productions of *nature* and *art*, many of them brought at a great expence from the most distant parts of the world: indeed the place was a world in itself, and utterly indescribable. To this splendid place, did the princess Padmávatí conduct the prince; she placed him on the throne, his feet were then bathed in rose-water, and his body sprinkled with the most

costly perfumes, and he was fanned by the delicate hand of the princess.

The prince seeing this said, "O my lovely and divine maid! to behold your transcendant charms is a blessing indeed; in being thus permitted to view them, I am the most abject of your slaves; the beauties of your countenance are to me as a pardon would be to a condemned criminal at the place of execution; but to embrace you and sigh out my soul upon your bosom, is a blessing I ask, but dare not hope for; why then take so much trouble for soworthless an object? Your delicate hands were not made to hold the fan to cool my person, therefore, take a seat, and I will lie at your feet, and fan you till I breathe out my soul in contemplating your charms."

Padmávati replied, "Prince, it is my duty to do you service, and obey all your commands." A female attendant came forward at this time, and taking the fan from the princess's hand addressed her thus: "This work is mine, therefore I will undertake it, while you amuse younselves with sweet discourse." The two lovers after this past the night together, and the princess secreted the king during the following day; and in the night they were again united. In this manner they passed many days and nights: when the prince wished to be absent for a moment, the princess objected to it, so great was her love for him, which made her jealous of his giving one moment of his company to another. Several weeks having thus passed away, the prince at last began to be weary of this confinement, and was thus reflecting within himself one night: "It is a long time since I quitted my own country, dominions, and palace, and nearly three months since I saw my true friend; I therefore wish much to see and converse with him, for my present behaviour looks like ingratitude, which is a most detestable vice."

While he was thus musing, the princess came and finding him very melancholy asked him the cause of it, saying, "Prince, what occasions you to sit in this sorrowful manner?" He answered, "The lack of news respecting the Viziar's son, who is my dearest friend, and by whose skilfulness I enjoy my present happiness, for he alone could understand your signals." The princess hearing this replied: "My lord, your mind being engaged with thoughts of the grand Viziar's son, this fine palace and my sincere love can afford you no pleasure; therefore it is better to pay him a visit, and I will prepare a few sweetmeats with my own hands as a present to him, while you put on a proper dress, and when you are satisfied with the company of your friend, return to me." As soon as the prince heard this, he came out of the closet, and the princess having prepared some poisonous sweetmeats, gave them to the prince, and they parted for a time,—the princess retiring to another part of the palace, and the prince proceeding to the house of the old nurse to visit the Viziar's son. When he arrived there, he presented him the sweetmeats, as a present from his beloved princess, but the Viziar's son, knowing by his superior learning what they were, said to him: "O prince! why do you bring such eatables to me?" The prince replied: "A few nights ago, when I was thinking much about you, the princess came to me, and wished to know why I appeared so thoughtful, I then declared the truth, and spoke highly of your merits, upon which she allowed me to visit you preparing these sweetmeats with her own hands."

The Viziar's son said:" These sweetmeats contain a deadly poison, and it is well you have not partaken of them yourself; they were intended to cause my death, but death by poison can never be my fate, for all poisons are known to me the moment I see them. Hear me, prince! Women do not easily admit of a rival, even among the

male sex; she has given her whole heart to you, therefore she expects you will do the same by her. It was by no means proper for you to mention my name to the princess, this caused her jealousy and a determination to destroy me."

The prince replied: "Such conduct as this I never heard of before, it is an unaccountable kind of jealousy. What! wish to destroy my friend, that I might devote my life to her alone! surely those that act thus, will be exposed to the vengeance of Bráhmá." Saying this he threw one of the cakes to a dog, who immediately devoured it; but shortly after his body swelled and he expired in great agonies. The young prince on seeing this became violently agitated, and said, "False and treacherous sex, it is dangerous to contract friendship with you. Up to this moment I had great love for this girl, but that love is now no more: I have discovered the baseness of her conduct: if I break not her chains in time, my life may one day became a sacrifice to her jealousy." The Viziar's son said: "Prince, be not too hasty; for where there is strong jealousy, there is also strong love, therefore I must contrive some means to take this beauty to your own palace, and that with the consent of her parents." The prince exclaimed with joy, "My friend and brother, if you can effect this, my life is at your disposal." The Viziar's son then said to the young prince, "You must return to the princess this night, and without taking any notice of what has occurred, you must pretend to love her more than ever; your caresses must be frequent and fervent, which will lull all suspicion in her mind, and when she sleeps take off all her jewels, and after piercing her thigh with your trident return to me." On hearing this, the prince took leave of the Viziar's son, and returned to Padmàvatì, and acted agreeably to his advice. After some time the princess fell asleep, he then took off her jewels from her person, and having slightly pierced her thigh left the palace, and coming to the Viziar's son, re-

lated every thing to him. The Viziar's son then disguised himself as a *Guru*, (or spritual guide,) and taking the prince for his disciple, proceeded through the city and sent the prince to the market for the purpose of selling the jewels, desiring him at the same time to remark the person that should recognize them. The prince proceeded to the *Bazàr* with the jewels, and on shewing them, a man immediately said, " Where did you procure these jewels? they are the property of the princess Padmávati: tell me the truth respecting them." While the man was thus interrogating the prince, a great crowd collected together, which caused much tumult.

As soon as this came to the ears of the *Cutwal*, he sent peons to apprehend both the robber and the jeweller, who were immediately taken before the *Cutwal*. On being asked by the *Cutwal* whence he had obtained the jewels, the prince replied from his *Guru*, who had desired him to sell them; but whence he had obtained them, he knew not." On hearing this declaration, the *Cutwal* commanded the presence of the Guru, and when he arrived, took them before the king, to whom he related the story at full length. The monarch said: " O devotee! whence did you obtain these jewels? for they are the property of my daughter." The Viziar's son replied: " Great king, last night being the 14th lunar day, as I entered a cemetery to perform certain devotions, a celebrated witch appeared before me decked with these ornaments; I took them off her, and left a distinguished mark of a trident upon her left thigh. The king rose up in haste and went into the inner apartments of the palace, and desired his queen to look at the left thigh of their daughter Padmávati, and to observe what marks were there, and of what sort. The queen accordingly went to her daughter's apartments, and examining her, found the marks of a trident on her left thigh, and returning to the

king, said: "My lord, I have examined our daughter, and I find she bears recent marks upon her left thigh and by the shape they must have been inflicted by a trident; this must certainly have been done by some one, but by whom I know not." On hearing this, the king returned to the Divan and ordered the *Cutwàl* to bring up the accused persons.

While the Cutwàl retired from the presence, to bring up the pretended devotee and the young prince, the king began to reflect upon this affair, and thought thus within himself: "Family secrets ought never to be publicly investigated, for it is likely to bring shame upon the parents, therefore it is better to settle this business privately." The Viziar's son being now again brought in, the king took hold of him by the hand and asked him, what punishment ought to be inflicted upon women for misconduct. The pretended devotee replied: "Brahmins, cows, women, children, and those that fly for shelter to the temples of the gods, ought to be punished in no other way than banishment from the country." The king learning this, ordered that his daughter Padmávatí should be placed in a litter and left in a lonely desert on the confines of his kingdom, there to live or die whatever her fate might be. This sentence was immediately put into execution, and the prince and the Viziar's son having no further business there, left the palace, and mounting their horses, proceeded with all diligence to the same place, and, finding Padmávatì, returned to their own country accompanied by the princess. Arriving there, the prince presented himself to his father. The news of his arrival soon spread throughout the city, and caused great delight among all ranks, for he was greatly beloved; and having presented the princess to his parents, they were highly pleased with her great beauty and accomplishments. The marriage of the prince and princess was celebrated with great pomp and splendour to the joy of all the people. They lived happily together, the princess

effectually cured of that foolish jealousy that had been the source of much torment to her, and she learnt to esteem the Viziar's son who became the bosom friend of both parties.

The Bytál here pausing said, "O king! which of these characters was most blameworthy? Be careful how you answer this question, for on your correctly doing so, depends your future fate." Vickrama, not at all appalled, replied: "The conduct of the king was most to be censured." The Bytál replied: "Upon what grounds do you speak?" Vickrama replied: "On just grounds: the Viziar's son in all things obeyed the command of his master; the *Cutwàl* obeyed the commands of the king, in bringing the prisoners before him; and the young king acted justly by the princess; but the conduct of the king was without excuse, for he devoted his daughter to a cruel death without any investigation of the matter; therefore, his conduct was culpable in the highest degree."

Tale II.

THE king not finding the Bytál, returned to the spot from whence he came, and observing it suspended from the tree, took it down, and throwing it across his shoulders proceeded with it on his way.

The Bytál then said, O king! I have another story to relate, which is as follows:—

On the banks of the *Jamunà*, lies a noble city called *Dharma-Sthala*, the ruler of which is named Gunadípa. In this city dwelt a certain Brahmin named Kèshava, who was in the constant habit of worshipping on the banks of that river. This Brahmin had a daughter who

was young and handsome, by name Mudhumávatí, and when she had arrived at a proper age, her parents and brother began to think of giving her in marriage.

One day, when her father went out accompanied by his disciples to assist at some marriage ceremony, and her brother to take his lessons in the city, there arrived at the house of her father the son of a Brahmin of great beauty and accomplishments. The mother greatly admiring him promised him her daughter in marriage. However the father had already betrothed her to another Brahmin, and his son (her brother) had likewise promised her to another, a fellow student of his, who greatly excelled him in learning.

After a few days, the two last mentioned suitors arrived, the former one having been for a long time in attendance. The name of the first was Trivikrama ; the second Bámana; and the third Madhusúdana. The three rivals were equal in age, beauty, and accomplishments.

The father beheld with sorrow these three noble youths, and began to reason with himself: " Here are three suitors, and I have but one daughter, to whom shall I give the preference ? I have promised her to one ; my wife to another ; and my son to a third ; how then shall I act in this intricate affair ? " During this meditation, his daughter was bitten by a venemous serpent, which caused her instant death, and every one was struck with sorrow and dismay, and some of them immediately went in search of the most famous physicians of the city, men skilled in charms and enchantments, that they might by some charms expel the poison, and effect a cure upon the delight of their eyes: but they united in declaring their skill was unavailing, for the lovely maiden had already become the victim of death.

One of them asserted, that the poison of a snake cannot be dispelled, if injected into the system on the 5th, 6th, 9th, and 14th lunar days. The second added, " on Saturdays, and Tuesdays." The third declared, " it cannot be effected if within the revolution of the 4th, 10th, 9th, 16th, 19th, and 3d constellations." The fourth stated," that it cannot be remedied, when it gets access to the senses, when it affects the lips, cheeks, throat, waist, and navel." And the fifth one said, " of what estimation am I reckoned when it lies beyond the compass of a Brahmin's ability ? therefore have recourse to the usual funeral obsequies."

The Brahmin, her father, with great lamentations carried her corpse to the cemetery and burnt it according to the rites of his caste, and then returned home followed by his weeping family.

The three suitors remained behind bewailing and lamenting their sad fate. The first took a burnt bone, and wrapping it up in a piece of cloth, from that time became a wanderer, never entering the habitation of man. The second took some ashes and erecting a cottage near the spot, made it the place of his abode. The third assumed the habit of a hermit, and taking a bag and quilt on his shoulders, roamed from place to place.

The latter, being one day greatly oppressed with hunger, went to the house of a Brahmin to partake of his bounty; the Brahmin seeing him requested he would take his dinner with him. Upon this invitation he sat down, and when dinner was announced, the Brahmin washed his hands and feet, then took him into the dining room, and seated him near himself, his wife came in according to custom to serve out the dinner; but ere she had half done, her young-

est son laid hold of the border of her dress, the mother used her utmost endeavours to get rid of him; but the child became more obstinate, which so enraged the mother, that in her passion, she threw him into the midst of a burning furnace, which consumed him to ashes in a short time.

When the stranger saw this horrid act, he immediately stood up and left off eating. The Brahmin said to him, "Why do you not eat?" He replied, "How is it possible to eat in a house, where the action of a cannibal is performed!" Hearing this, the Brahmin immediately arose and went into a room, and bringing out the *Pustaka* or book, wherein are written charms that give life to the dead, he opened it, and read a few words therefrom, and the child immediately came again to life.

The guest, seeing the wonderful effects of the Brahmin's words, thought within himself, "If I could get possession of this book, I might restore to life the beloved of my soul." He then sat down, and finished his meal.

When the shades of night came on, and all had retired to their respective places of rest, he laid himself down in a corner of the house; but without sleeping. When the night was far advanced, and every one was buried in the most profound sleep, he arose and with the caution of a midnight robber entered the apartment that contained the book; and having succeeded in obtaining it, he left the house with all speed: after travelling for a many days, he at last arrived at the cemetery, where the Brahmin's daughter was burnt. There he found the other two suitors also, who immediately recognized him, and said, "Well, brother, you have been wandering through many countries, what learning and knowledge have you acquired?" He replied, "I have learnt many important secrets, among which is one,

that will restore life to the dead." The other replied, "Oh! brother have you acquired such knowledge, then try your skill, and give life to our beloved."—He said, "Gather together the bones and ashes, then you shall see the effect of my knowledge." They instantly did as he required. He then opened the book, and read the particular charm, which brought the girl instantly to life ; but the god of love still made this lovely maiden the subject of dispute, for each claimed her as his bride.

Having proceeded thus far in the story, the Bytál desired the king to pronounce, who was entitled to the girl. The king replied. "He that kept the ashes."

The Bytál said, "How can that be? for one had kept the bones; another the ashes; and the third restored her to life; therefore each had performed his part." The king replied, "He that kept the bones, must be considered in the place of son; he that restored her to life, in the place of father; therefore she must be given to the preserver of the ashes."

Hearing this, the Bytál again became a corpse, suspended from the same tree; the king also followed him, and again threw him across his shoulders and proceeded on his way. The Bytál resumed.

Tale III.

THERE is a certain city called *Bardwán*, the king of which is Rúpa Sèna.

It happened one day, that the king was reclining on a sofa in one of his apartments near the gate, when the voice of one beseeching and praying, struck his ear. The

king asked, " Who is near the gate, and what is the cause of my being thus disturbed ? "

The guard answered, " Please your majesty, it is one, who is praying for your majesty's welfare; many come thus to the portals of the great and the wealthy, in order to obtain a small portion of their wealth, and use both pleasing and enticing words to gain their object."

Upon hearing this the king was silent. Some short time after, a stranger arrived at the gate (by the name of Birbur, the son of a king,) under the hope of obtaining employment in the service of his majesty. The stranger making known his wishes to the guard, he addressed the king in these words. " There is an armed person waiting at the gate for admittance to your majesty, in expectation of being retained in your service; what is your majesty's pleasure upon the subject ?" " Admit him instantly," said the monarch. On being ushered into the presence chamber, the stranger made the accustomed salutations.

The king observing his stately gait cast his eyes upon his countenance, and immediately knew him, and said " O prince ! what sum shall I fix for your daily expences ?" The stranger in reply said, " O king ! the sum I require for the support of my family, is 1000 Tolás * of gold per day." The king then asked him, " Of how many persons does your family consist ?" He replied," Four, your majesty, myself, wife, son, and daughter."

The courtiers on hearing this, turned their faces, and began to laugh; but the king remained for some time burried in thought, and said thus within himself: " Why does

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* A *tolá* is 105 grains.

this warrior ask such high pay, he certainly must have some important reasons for it. It may be his service at some future time may prove valuable, I will therefore grant his request."

Accordingly he gave an immediate order to his treasurer to pay to the stranger 1000 Tolas of gold daily from the royal treasury. On hearing this order, Birbur took from the treasurer the 1000 Tolas of gold for that day, and returned to his lodging. He then divided the money into two parts, the one he gave to his consort; and the other he again subdivided into two parts, one of which, he bestowed in devotions to the poor, Vyshnavas, and Faqeers; and with part of the other he caused to be dressed a considerable portion of victuals, and distributed to those that were in want of it, reserving some for himself.

This regulation he strictly observed every day, and lived happy with his family; every evening he dressed himself and girt on his weapons of defence, and attended in the sleeping apartment of the king. Whenever the king was disturbed in his sleep and cried out, "Who is in attendance?" the answer was, "Birbur is in attendance; what does your highness require? my life is at your service." In this manner he attended upon the king and continued watchful during the whole night, fulfilling the duties of a faithful servant.—True it is, that he who becomes the servant of another, strictly speaking is a slave, having no will of his own, but sells himself to work the will of his employer, be it lawful or unlawful. It is evident that although a person be by nature ever so brisk and lively, he becomes dull and silent before his master; and it is only in his absence he is tranquil and happy. Therefore the learned assert that the duties of servitude are more difficult to fulfil, than the strictest acts of devotion. The events of a few hours,

will prove the truth of this assertion. For it happened one night that the king was unusually restless, and sleep fled from his eye-lids, when a female voice from the tombs disturbed the stillness of the night with dire and ominous lamentations.

The king in alarm cried out as usual: "Is there any one in attendance?" Bírbur immediately answered. "I am in attendance, your majesty, what are your commands?" The king answered, "O Bírbur! go to the spot, from whence the voice proceeds, and bring me an immediate account of this midnight wailing."

The king then thus thought within himself. "The best way to prove the faithfulness of a servant is to judge of him by his alacrity in obeying the commands of his master; those that are continually making idle excuses, are not worthy to be trusted; in like manner may a friend, brother, or wife be proved; but in adversity only can a true friend be known." Bìrbur hastily proceeded to the place from whence the female voice was heard. The king likewise, being anxious to observe the conduct of Bírbur in this mysterious affair, clad himself in the garments of obscurity, and followed him at a distance.

When Bìrbur reached the spot, a most beautiful and noble damsel appeared to his view superbly dressed and decorated with costly jewels. One moment she appeared bathed in tears, at an other she danced, jumped, and ran to fro, and again she cast herself on the ground, expressing the deepest sorrow, and uttering the most heart-breaking lamentations. Bìrbur observing this, addressed her in the following manner. "O woman! who art thou, and what is the reason of thy great lamentation and weeping at this silent hour of midnight, and why dost thou choose the charnel house for the scene of thy bewailing?"

She answered thus, "I am the goddess of fortune." Birbur said, "If so, what is the cause then of this sorrow?" Upon this she began to relate thus: "There is some evil doings going on in the palace of the king, which will cause my departure from this kingdom; and the palace will become from this time the residence of the goddess of misfortune. When I depart, the utmost distress and trouble will fall upon the king, and his death will close the scene. This circumstance is the cause of my great lamentation and weeping; because it deprives me of the felicity I have enjoyed for so many years in his dominions."

Birbur in haste put this question to her: "Is there any means by which the king can escape those awful calamities, and his life be prolonged for a hundred years?" She replied, "Yes, there is one remedy, and that remedy depends upon you only. The temple of Dèvi, is eight Krosa * to the north of this spot: if you immediately proceed thither, and sacrifice your only son at that holy shrine, the king will escape those evils, and his life will be prolonged for a hundred years: peace will again reign within the palace; happiness will again be my portion in these realms; and the goddess of misfortune will fly far from his dominions."

No sooner did Birbur hear this, than he returned with all speed to his house, and the king followed him.

Birbur arriving immediately, awoke his wife and related every circumstance to her. Upon which she thought proper to awake her son, and addressed him in these words: "O son! if you consent to become a sacrifice for the king, his life will remain in safety, and the kingdom in a flourishing

* 16 English miles.

condition." The son replied: "O mother! what pleasure is there in this perishable world but in doing good actions? therefore, to devote my life in the service of my lawful prince, is both a noble and praiseworthy act: what have I then to do, my mother, but to obey your commands, and particularly on this occasion? for is it not for the safety of my king and country? how can my poor life be sacrificed in a better cause? The five following rules exemplify a life of happiness, viz. a son in subjection; the body without sickness; learning producing wealth; and a wife at command. These four are productive of misery, namely, an ungrateful servant; a penurious king; a deceitful friend; and unsubjugated wife." Upon this Birbur said to his wife: "O thou beloved wife and mother! do you agree thus to be parted, for ever parted from your only son? speak freely, for time presses, and we ought to proceed without delay to the temple of Dévì to preserve the life of the king."

The wife replied: "I have neither son, daughter, father, mother, nor friend; for the love of my husband I resign all. It is said in the *Shàstras*, that the greatest virtue in women is to be subject to their husbands, whatever may be his vices or the deformity of his person; and if one perform any kind of virtuous action in this world, and at the same time disobey his master's orders, that person will surely sink into perdition." The son also answered: "He that is serviceable to his master, ought to be the happiest being under the sun, and will surely reap a double advantage in the world to come." The daughter likewise delivered her sentiments on the subject in these words: "Should the mother give poison to her daughter to eat, and the father sell his son, and the king take our all, casting us into the streets a prey to poverty and shame; it is our bounden duty to submit to all, and even greater evils, if, by so doing, we can secure our eternal bliss."

Having thus spoken together, they proceeded towards the temple of Dévi.

The king likewise, unknown to them, proceeded to the same place. When Birbur arrived at the holy shrine, he offered up his prayers to the deity with up-lifted hands, and exclaimed thus: "O Dèvi! (the goddess) hear my prayers, and accept of the sacrifice now about to be offered to you; add to the life of the king one hundred years, and let the prosperity of his kingdom increase to that degree, that it may be renowned throughout the whole world." Saying these words, he instantly cut off his son's head with the *kharga* or sacrificial knife.

His daughter seeing this solemn but horrid act, likewise killed herself. The wife of Birbur seeing this untimely death of her offspring, put her life also into the hands of Yama.

Birbur perceiving the three individuals most dear to him stretched lifeless at his feet, thus said within himself: "O Birbur! what is the use of thy now living, thy son has become a sacrifice, thy wife and daughter have followed his example; and thou art left alone in this world: of what use then can such a sum of gold daily be to thee? to whom shall I give it? I have now no one to share it with; all, all are gone." So saying, he threw himself upon his sword, and died. The king beholding this dreadful spectacle, began to reason with himself. "And is it thus, for myself and kingdom, a whole family has perished, and shall I remain a tame spectator in this scene? what is my kingdom, and what virtue can there be in my enjoying it at such a price; let me then follow the example of these my noble servants, and make a fifth in this fatal tragedy." Saying these words, he prepared himself for death. Instantly the goddess Dévi appeared, and arrested his arm, "O son! why this rash-

ness? I am highly pleased at your noble and manly conduct, in thus willingly devoting your life with your friends; therefore, ask any thing from me, and I will grant it." He replied, " O thou goddess and mother! if it be so, restore unto me the lives of these four persons, who so freely gave them up for me." The goddess agreed, and immediately disappeared; but returned in a moment with the divine nectar from the palace of the Gods, and having sprinkled their dead bodies with it, their souls returned into them again, and they rose up into life free from wound or scar.

The king beheld them with esteem and admiration, and returned to his palace accompanied by Birbur and his happy family. The king having taken into consideration the great services of Bírbur and his family, bestowed upon them the half of his kingdom.

Having proceeded thus far, the Bytál exclaimed: " Glory to such a servant, who had no regard for his own life, or the lives of his family, but freely gave them up for the good of his prince and master! Praise likewise to the king, who did not wish to benefit by such sacrifices, either for himself or kingdom. O king! say now who displayed the greatest wisdom among these five persons?" The king answered, " I should think the king, for in freely agreeing to the terms of Birbur he bound to himself a faithful servant; his terms, it is true, appeared to the courtiers enormous, but subsequent events proved they were not so."

The Bytàl said, " Upon what grounds do you speak?" He answered: " It is the duty of a servant to sacrifice his life for his lord; but the king who sets no value upon his kingdom, but willingly renounces it with his life, when he might have enjoyed it for a long time, is an instance of self-denial seldom heard of, and fully proves to the world his noble spirit, and the sincerity of his friendship."

On this the Bytál again assumed the appearance of a corpse and remained suspended from the same tree.

The king having again taken the corpse upon his shoulders proceeded with it on his way. The Bytál then resumed his story.

Tale IV.

THERE is a certain city in Asia called *Bhogavatí*, governed by a king named Rúpaséna, who had among other curiosities in his palace, a very learned parrot, by name Chúrámuna.

One day, the king put the following question to the bird, "What things have you a thorough knowledge of?" The bird in reply said, "O king! my knowledge is so extensive, that both the past, present, and the future are open to my view." The king replied, "If so, can you tell me of any person possessing greater beauty and accomplishments than myself?" The bird replied, "Yes, O king! in the city of *Magadha*, dwells a monarch who has a daughter by name Chandravatí, she surpasses you in beauty, learning, and accomplishments, and is indeed superior to any of her own sex; she is ordained by the fates to become your bride."

Upon hearing these words of the parrot, the king was much delighted; but having some doubts, he sent for his principal astrologer, a very learned Brahmin, to whom many secrets were known, and asked him, "Can you discover by the secrets of your art, who is destined to be my bride?"

The Brahmin having made various calculations, answered, "O king! a princess named Chandrávati will be the beloved queen of your heart."

No sooner did the king find, that the prediction of the astrologer concurred with the words of the parrot, than he said to the Brahmin, "You must instantly depart for the court of the princess, and by some means obtain for me her father's and her own consent to become the partner of my bed and throne; and at your return, I will bestow upon you great riches." The Brahmin having prepared all things for his journey, took leave of the king, and proceeded with all speed to the court of the princess.

At the royal residence of the princess Chandravati, there was also a very learned female parrot, named Madnamanjari. On a certain day, the princess put many questions to the bird, among which was the following, "O bird! pray inform me, who is ordained by the Gods to become my lord and master? In what part of the world lives the prince that is worthy of my hand?" The bird replied, "Most divine princess, the ruler of Bhogavati, by name Rúpaséna, who is both young, handsome, and of great accomplishments, will become your husband, for so it is decreed." Thus it was, that these two accomplished beings were destined for each other. Even without any personal acquaintance, they fell deeply in love with each other, and longed for the fulfilment of their desires.

Shortly after this, the Brahmin arrived from the court of Bhogavati, and announced himself as an ambassador from the court of Rúpaséna. After extolling his master's great beauty, accomplishments, riches, and the extent of

his dominions, he made a formal demand of the king's daughter in marriage for the prince his master. The king approving of the alliance, ordered one of his chief Brahmins to prepare a suitable present of the most valuable articles in his treasury, according to the customs used in marrying daughters; and to be ready himself to depart with the ambassador, and to retrun with all speed, bringing with him the answer of Rúpasèna, that he might prepare all things requisite for the celebration of the marriage ceremony.

These two Brahmins having taken leave of the king, departed and after a few days, arrived at the court of Rúpaséna. The ambassador of Mùghadéswara, having presented his credentials and the presents to Rùpasèna, announced to him the consent of his master and the princess to the marriage.

The king hearing this, was greatly delighted, and having with all diligence prepared eve y thing requisite for the occasion, departed with great pomp for the court of Maghadèswara. Having arrived there in safety, he married the princess, and having taken leave of his father-in-law, returned to his own dominions, the princess taking with her the favorite parrot Madanmanjari.

It happened one day, that this and the beforementioned bird were placed opposite each other, immediately behind the throne. The king and his queen were reclining on it, and amusing themselves with soft discourse. The king looking at the birds said, "As it is not good for man to live alone, why should it be so to animals? therefore, it is better for us to give these birds in marriage, and place them together in one cage, that they may also beguile their hours in the flowery paths of love." The princess agreeing to it, they were placed in one cage together.

One day, when the king and the princess were sitting privately together, the male bird began discoursing with his mate in the following manner: "My lovely mate, there seems to me no pleasure equal to the delights of mutual love; he that lives without that heaven-born intercourse, knows not the pleasures of life, and defeats the purpose for which he was born, that is, the propagation of his species." The female bird said, "I have no pleasure in such things." The male in reply said, "Why not, my sweet mate." She answered, "Men are in general deceitful, treacherous, and false to their wives," The male remarked, "Women are also treacherous, lustful, in general ignorant and unworthy to be trusted."

This conversation being overheard by the king and his queen, caused them to smile. The king said, "What is the cause of this quarrel?" The female first speaking answered, "O king! men from their birth are wicked, and bloodthirsty; therefore my heart bids me not to love. Permit me to relate to your majesties a story to prove my words.

'There is a certain city, called *Illapúra* in which there once lived a merchant named Mahàdhana, who having no issue, endured the toil and pains of a long pilgrimage; and at his return accustomed himself to sit daily for many hours together to hear the sacred *Púrdnas*, and he likewise bestowed great alms upon the Brahmins; all this he did in hopes of obtaining from heaven a son to inherit his great wealth. It pleased the Creator of all things, at last to grant his desires in giving him a son. At an early age the father gave him in marriage with great pomp and splendour, bestowing great presents upon the bards, and large donations to the poor. When the boy arrived at the age of five years, he was placed under the charge of an eminent teacher; but it appears, he became early initiated into the

mysteries of gambling and other vices, and paid little or no attention to his studies.

After some time, his father died leaving him sole heir to all his great wealth. The son overjoyed at the sudden possession of so much riches, spent his days and nights in gambling and the company of lewd women, who soon robbed him of all his wealth, and reduced him to great poverty. Seeing himself in this distress, he abandoned the place of his birth, and travelled to another city, to the residence of an opulent and wealthy merchant, by name Héma-gupta, who received him with great cordiality, and every mark of true friendship. The merchant asked him what was the cause of his journey, and why he came thus unattended and alone. He replied: "Wishing to increase the wealth my father left me, I purchased a large quantity of goods, and took my passage with them in a ship bound on a trading voyage having disposed of them to advantage, I purchased others; but when homeward bound, we met with some very severe gales, which sunk our vessel, and it was with great difficulty, I saved my life on a part of the wreck, which drifted me on these shores. Being greatly ashamed to show my face in this condition in my own city, I thought of you; and, nothing doubting that you would receive me in a friendly manner for my late father's sake, I boldly made the trial, and am happy to say I have not been disappointed."

The merchant hearing all these circumstances, said within himself: "Thanks be to thee, thou gracious and all-wise Being, who hast graciously thought fit to hear my prayers and grant unto me the desires of my heart. Thou hast in thine own way brought unto my house the son of my ancient friend, let me then proceed without delay to cement

the happy union between our families; for who knows what may be the event of a day, since the present moment only is our own."

He therefore went with haste to his wife, and said to her: "The son of our old friend has arrived this day at our house; if you consent, we will give unto him for wife our daughter Ratnàvatí." She being greatly delighted, replied: "My lord, I can have no objection, for it is evidently the work of God, and our long expected wishes are about to be fulfilled without any trouble to ourselves; therefore, make no delay, but immediately call the astrologer and priest, and let them find a propitious hour for the celebration of the marriage ceremony." Those functionaries being called, made their calculations and fixed upon the happy time; and the marriage took place with every degree of pomp and magnificence usual on the occasion, agreeably to the rank of her father. The merchant bestowed upon his daughter a large dowry and made many valuable presents to his son-in-law.

The ceremonies being all concluded, he continued to reside with his father-in-law, and lived very happy with his wife.

After some time, he said one day to her, "I have now been living here a long time, and begin to be very uneasy, respecting what is going on at my own house, do you therefore speak to your mother on the subject and procure her consent for my departure to my own country; and I trust, you will have no objection to accompany me." The daughter went immediately to her mother, and laid before her the wishes of her husband, and said, "I hope, mother, you will grant his desires, that his mind may be at rest." The mother went and informed her husband of the request of her son-in-law, saying; "Our son-in-law is very desirous

of returning to his own country and habitation, and appears to be very uneasy at remaining here so long." The merchant replied: "Very well, I can have no objection; for I have no power to detain the son of another, nor indeed do I wish to do so against his will; but we must not send him empty- handed; let us bestow that upon him, which will enable him to live happily in his own country."

Afterwards calling his daughter to him, he said: "Do you wish to go with your husband or remain with us, your parents?" The daughter hearing these words, hung down her head with shame and confusion, and answered not a word; but turning to her lord, said, "My father and mother make no objection to our departure: but I beseech you, my beloved lord, do not use me unkindly or leave me to pine and bemoan the loss of your love for the sake of another."

The merchant afterwards calling his son-in-law, gave unto him great riches, and bade him and his daughter a most tender farewell, giving her a favourite hand-maiden to accompany her.

After travelling some days, they arrived upon the borders of a very large and gloomy forest, when he said to his wife; "My dear, this is a lonely and fearful place we have to travel through. Will it not be better to give me all your ornaments? and I will hide them in the rolls of my sash, and when we pass this suspicious place, you can take them back."

The wife agreeing to this proposal, immediately stript herself of all her jewels, and gave them into the hands of her husband, who secreted them about his person, afterwards he sent all the servants away under one pretence or another, and killing the female servant, threw her dead body into a well, and afterwards cast his wife into another,

and left her, and proceeded with all speed towards his own country.

It so happened, that a traveller shortly after passed that way, and hearing the voice of lamentation, stood still for some time to ascertain from whence the voice proceeded, and said within himself: "From whence comes this weeping and bewailing, for this is a lonely place and far from every human habitation." Searching in all directions, he found that the voice proceeded from a well, and looking down, observed a young and beautiful woman lamenting and weeping. With some difficulty, he got her out, and being greatly surprised asked her, who she was, how she fell into that well, and happened to be in so deplorable a condition.

She answered, "I am the daughter of a merchant named Héma-gupta, and was going with my husband to his own country, when we were attacked by robbers, who murdered my female attendant, and threw me into this well; having robbed us of all, they bound my husband before my face, and carried him away; but where, I know not."

The traveller hearing this melancholy account, took her with him, and delivered her in safety to her parents. Her father and mother, being struck with amazement, asked her what was become of her husband, and who this stranger was, and how she fell into his company? She answered: "Dear father and mother, great misfortunes have befallen your daughter: passing through a large and gloomy forest, we were attacked by a large party of robbers, who killed my servant maid, and threw her into a well, and cast me alive into another after robbing us all; they bound my husband and carried him away with them, I know not where; my cries brought this traveller to my assistance, he

lifted me out of the well, and by the help of Providence I am arrived in safety, and I cannot be too grateful to this stranger."

The merchant consoled his daughter in the best way he could, saying to her: "My dear daughter, be comforted, and mourn not the absence of your husband, for no doubt he will be soon restored to you. Robbers do not take away men's lives in cold blood, it is property they seek after; therefore be assured the robbers will dismiss him, when they find they can gain nothing by keeping him a prisoner." To please her further, he gave into her hands as many jewels as she had lost, and she became perfectly reconciled.

Her husband, after leaving her in the cruel situation which has been described, arrived in safety at his own house, and having sold the jewels, began to live as before, squandering the money in gambling, and the company of harlots. Ill gotten wealth is seldom prosperous, even when applied to the best of purposes; what must be expected of it then, when applied to the vilest?

After a short time, this wretch became as poor as before, even so poor that he could not purchase a morsel of bread. In this dreadful state of poverty, he thought again of his father-in-law, and made up his mind to visit him and by a false account of the increase of his family, prevail upon him to bestow a large sum for the purpose of bringing them up; nothing doubting, but his wife had perished in the well into which he had so inhumanly cast her.

Having come to this resolution, he departed on his journey, and in due time arrived in safety. Coming near the house, he was seen at a distance by his wife, who immediately recognized him, and became greatly pleased; but

said within himself: "There is my lord and master, perhaps he may not enter through fear, I had better then hasten to him and inform him of every circumstance."

With this motive, she suddenly appeared before him, and said: "Do not fear, my dearest lord, for all things are right." She then related to him the story she had told her parents, and told him to repeat the same to her father without fear or dread, for is not this (said she) your own habitation, and am I not your willing servant? therefore fear nothing, but act as I tell you, and all things will be well." Having thus instructed her ungrateful and inhuman husband, she returned to her apartment.

He then boldly sought his father-in-law, who upon seeing him rejoiced greatly, and embraced him with the affection of a parent. He afterwards desired him to relate the whole of his unfortunate adventures, which he did, agreeable to the instructions, of his wife; the recital of which caused the old man much sorrow. The news of his arrival was soon spread throughout the house and city, and caused much joy among his acquaintances and friends. The merchant having bathed him, set a plentiful meal before him, of which he ate very heartily; presented him with many gifts, and said: "My dear son, consider this house as your own, remain here, and enjoy every happiness it can afford." He expressed great gratitude to his father-in-law for his kind offer and accepted it gladly.

Being introduced to his wife, he beheld her well clothed and adorned with jewels equal if not superior to those she had before. The sight of these valuable jewels so agitated his mind, that he was determined to have them at any cost. When night came, he retired as usual with his wife; after some time she fell asleep, but he continued awake, to execute his diabolical designs. About midnight he arose, when every

one was buried in profound sleep, and in the most inhuman and cruel manner cut his wife's throat with a knife, which he found accidentally in the apartment; and having despoiled of all her jewels, effected his escape, and departed into his own country.

Finishing her story, the female parrot said: O king! this I saw with my own eyes, therefore, I am resolved never to associate with a male; for by making friendship with that ungrateful and cruel sex, you nourish a serpent in your bosom that will sting you the first opportunity; for what crime, O king, did this amiable woman commit, that she should be used in this cruel manner by her husband?"

The king said nothing in reply, but addressed himself to the male bird thus; "Well, Chúramana, what have you to say to this story of your mate, know you of none that can counterbalance it?"

The bird replied: "Please your highness, I know of many, one of which I will relate." Addressing himself to the king, he thus began: In a certain city, by name Runchun, once lived a merchant named Ságura-datta, who had an only son called Sri-dutta. And in another city called Jaya-sripúra there also lived another merchant named Sóma-dutta, who had a daughter by the name of Jaya-srí; between these two families a contract of marriage between their children was entered. The marriage having taken place, the husband took his departure from his wife for a certain season, carrying on the profession of a merchant in another province, at some distance from those cities.

When the wife had arrived at the age of twelve years, being in the full bloom of womanhood, she said one day to her confidential female attendant: "Oh! sister, my youth is passing away for naught, and this husband of mine is

far away and I pine for I know not what!" The confidante hearing these words said: "Wait patiently, and trust in the mercies of God, for your husband will not tarry long."

Hearing this, she became greatly confused and agitated in mind, and looking out of the window, she observed a beautiful youth coming towards the house; their eyes met, and a mutual but unlawful flame between them was the consequence. But she burning with the fire of love, said to her female attendant: "Bring that beautiful youth before me, that we may take our fill of love." The attendant approaching the youth said; "Oh! greatly beloved, the daughter of Soma-datta requires thy presence; for the God of love has stricken her virgin heart, and she wishes to tread the rosy paths with you, come to my house this evening, and you shall enjoy the company of your mistress." Having given him every requisite information, she left him and returned to her mistress, saying; "The desire of your heart has promised to be at my house this evening." She being greatly delighted said: "Receive him with all becoming respect, and doubt not that I will be with you in proper time." The confidante then left her mistress, and returned to her house, waiting at the gate for the arrival of the youth. When he came with all the gaiety of an accepted lover, she desired him to sit down at the door, till her return. "For I am going" said she, "to apprise your beloved of your arrival." She did so, and the merchant's daughter said; "Go, and tell the beloved of my soul to wait a little and when the household are asleep, I will fly with the wings of a dove to his embraces."

When every one lay buried in sleep, she softly left the house, attended by her maid servant, and flew into the arms of the amorous youth, who quite delighted pressed her closer

and closer to his bosom. Some time before the dawn of day, she privately took her departure, leaving her lover in the arms of Morpheus. In the morning when he awoke, seeing his beloved had left him, he also returned to his place.

A few days after this occurrence, her husband returned to the house of his father-in-law, and on paying a visit to his wife, found her very melancholy, for she, knowing the dishonor she had brought upon his bed, and the house of her father, became greatly distressed in mind and ashamed to look upon the face of her husband. In this dilemma she applied to her confidante for consolation, but in vain; for she could not afford her any. In this manner the day passed over, and when night came, the mother prepared the bed chamber, and ordered her daughter to retire to it. On hearing this, she became greatly troubled in mind, for which her mother severely chided her, and commanded that she should meet her husband with a smiling countenance, and do every thing to please him. Being without remedy, she was obliged to submit, and laying herself down on the bed pretended to sleep. Her husband addressed her very kindly, and gave her many pleasing accounts of what had happened to him during their separation, presenting her at the same time some valuable ornaments; but she became more distressed, and turned her back to him with a look of disgust. Her husband was much troubled in mind at this strange behaviour, but being greatly fatigued with his long journey, he soon fell into a profound sleep; but not so his lustful wife. She did not sleep, for her thoughts only dwelt upon her gallant. When she found her husband fast asleep, she got up with great caution, and flew to the house of her confidante, being without fear in her pursuit of unlawful desires, although the night was dark

and the road very fearful. A robber that was prowling the streets observed her, and seeing she was covered with costly jewels pursued her; she arrived, however, in safety, and beheld her lover sleeping, as she thought, upon the couch of desire; but it was the sleep of death, for a snake had bitten him and he lay a lifeless corpse. She embraced him and imprinted many burning kisses upon his lips; but in vain, for nothing can awake the dead.

This scene was beheld by an evil genius, that had taken up his abode upon a *peepul* tree near the spot; and having a strong desire to taste human flesh, he descended from the tree, and bit this wanton woman in several parts of her body, particularly her nose, which he completely devoured, and then reascended the tree.

The robber was an unseen spectator of all this, and was struck with such fear, that he fled with the greatest precipitation from the spot. In this dreadful condition, she presented herself to her confidante, covered with blood, and relating every thing, asked her advice how she was to act in this affair. "My advice is this," said the confidante, "go back to your husband, and some time before day break begin to cry out most lamentably, and when the family by your cries are gathered round your bed, begin to cry and lament more, and say your husband has used you in this cruel manner."

Having taken leave of the confidante, and arrived in safety at her father's house, she laid herself down and remained quietly for some time; but the pain being very great, she could not contain herself any longer, and following the advice of the confidante, she began to cry out most vehemently. At the noise of her lamentation the whole family were alarmed, and rushing into the bed chamber, beheld her in a most piteous condition, tearing and beating

her breasts, and covered with clotted blood. On asking her how she came in that state, she accused her husband of this cruelty.

The father said; "Oh inhuman and shameless wretch! is it thus you use your lawful wife, and on the first night of your return?" The husband seeing this strange affair, was struck dumb with surprise at such an accusation, and had not a word to say; but thought within himself: "Truly indeed is it said, never place confidence in the truth of women. Trust not women, serpents, armed people, madmen, or your enemies, but above all, put no faith in women." It is the custom of poets to write fables; to *yagis*, to utter improbable things; and drunkards to speak, they know not what; but nothing is equal to the craftiness of women. They speak but to deceive, and act but to destroy. The defect of the horse; the roaring noise in the clouds; the conduct of women; and the lot of mankind, are known only to the Almighty; therefore must I, his humble creature, submit myself to his guidance in this mysterious affair."

The merchant observing the silence and confusion of his son-in-law, concluded him guilty; therefore he sent for the city-guard, and deliverd him into their hands; and in the morning he was carried by the *Cutwàl* before the king, where the family of his wife were loud in their accusations against him.

Being questioned by the king of his reasons for committing so barbarous an act, he answered. "Your majesty, I am innocent, nor do I know aught of the business, my case is in the hands of God only, therefore to Him I appeal." The wife was then called to give in her evidence, when she said: "O king! the cause is as plain as the noon day, for the state I am in, proves it; and who could do this, but my

husband? consequently, why does your highness delay to pass judgment." The king then said to the husband: "Vile and wretched man, what punishment can be too great for a crime of such magnitude!" The husband replied: "Sire, I am wholly innocent; but having no means to establish my innocence, I must submit my cause to your majesty alone."

The king after a deep pasue, gave orders for the prisoner to be impaled alive. The executioner immediately took him to the place of execution. It so happened that the robber before mentioned, was present in the court during the whole trial, and seeing its fatal termination, he proceeded through the croud, and stood before the king, requesting him to hear what he had to say, declaring, that the prisoner was innocent. "Who art thou, (said the king,) and what knowest thou of this matter?" "Please your majesty, I am by profession a robber, but though guilty myself, I can prove the innocence of this injured merchant, and therefore I beseech you, do not sacrifice the innocent at the shrine of justice; protect the innocent, but let the guilty be punished." The king replied: "On your oath, relate all you know of this matter, and as you value our favor, hide not the least circumstance." The robber then related every thing he had seen, and fully proved it to the satisfaction of the king and court: on which the king instantly acquitted the young merchant.

Pausing in this place, the male parrot observed, "O king! you see by this story, some of the many evil qualities of women, others they have of a more heinous nature. In regard to this wicked woman, the king ordered her head to be shaven, her face to be blackened, and thus exposed upon the back of an ass throughout all the towns of his kingdom. He then ordered rich presents and betel to be given

to the robber and the young merchant, and sent them away."

The Bytál then said: "O king! who was the greatest criminal? The heroine of the last story, or the hero of the first?" The king Bíra Vicrama said; "The husband is the most criminal." The Bytál said: "On what grounds do you found your decision?" The king replied: "Women are by nature very weak and ignorant, therefore, easily led astray; but men are strong, not easily deceived, and when they act wrong, know full well what they do, and on that account are inexcusable." Hearing this, the Bytál again became a corpse, the king took him down as before, and proceeded on his way.

Tale V.

O KING! there is a certain city called Ojjyn, governed by a king named Mhá-vala. The favourite of this prince, called Haridása, who was the confidant of all his secrets, had a daughter of great beauty and accomplishments named Mahàdèvi. When she arrived at a proper age, her parents thought of giving her in marriage.

One day she said to her father: "O my dear father! if you are indeed anxious to give me in marriage, marry me to a learned man, one well skilled in the arts and sciences, for such a person only can ensure me happiness." The father replied; "I am very willing to do so, if such a man can be found." A few days after this, the king ordered Haridása to depart for the southern country to the court of

Harichandra to enquire after his health and prosperity, and when he had done so, to return with all speed.

In a short time, he reached the palace of the king Harichandra, and agreeably to his master's commands enquired after his welfare. The king being greatly pleased with the person of the ambassador, desired him to remain during his stay near the royal presence.

After a few days, the king in a serious manner put this question to Háridása: "Is the *Kali yuga* (or Iron age) begun or not?" He replied: "Yes, your majesty, for the greater part of mankind are charged with falsehood; honesty is scarcely known; for people in general carry two faces under one hood; to your face men will speak like friends, while there is deceit in their hearts. Formerly the face was an index of the mind; but now the chief study of mankind is to hide from each other what is passing in their hearts. The greatest enemies will meet each other with a smiling face, and the man that embraces you in the day, will stab you to the heart in the night; for their speech is deceit, and their actions demoniacal; and virtue is no recommendation in this world. Rulers are becoming daily more oppressive and tyrannical; the Brahmins are covetous, and seek only the pleasures of this world, and even gratify them at the expence of both religion and morality. Females are in general lost to all sense of shame; children are disobedient to their parents; brothers have no confidence in each other; friendship is only a name; compassion is seldom to be found with masters; servants are unfaithful and idle, and all mankind talk nothing but an unmeaning jargon. Their words are sweet as honey; but their meaning more bitter than gall; even the soil is becoming unfruitful, for it yields not the fourth part of what it did in former ages."

At the conclusion of these remarks, the king rose from the *musnud,* and retired to the inner apartments of the palace: and Haridása to his own lodging.

Shortly after, the son of a Brahmin came to his house, and said: "I have a boon to solicit at your hands, will you grant it to me?" He replied: "Tell me first what it is." The young Brahmin then said: "Give me your daughter in marriage." Haridása replied: "That I cannot promise, for he only can gain her, that is well skilled in both arts and sciences:" Hearing this, the young man replied: "If it is skill in arts you require, I am acquainted with many." In reply he said: "If it is so, shew me a proof: in what art or science do you excel?" He said: "In that of mechanics, for among many other things, I have invented a flying chariot, that will carry you where you please in a moment of time, and that without the aid of a guide or leader." Hearing this, Haridása replied: "Ah indeed! then bring this wonderful chariot before me early to-morrow morning, and we will put it to the proof."

The next morning, the young man attended with the chariot at the dawn of day, and they both entered it, and commanded it to carry them to the city of Ojjyn.

During the residence of Haridás at the court of the king Harichandra, his son had promised his sister to a very accomplished suitor, and well acquainted with every branch of knowledge; he had spoken to his mother upon the subject, but she replied: "That cannot be, for I have promised her to another; and one that will be found equally skilful, particularly in the noble art of archery, in which he is such an adept, that none are equal to him. When Haridàsa arrived, he found those two suitors disputing about the hand of his daughter, and presented unto them

the third in the person of the master of this wonderful chariot. He then said within himself; "What can I do in this affair? for I have only one daughter and she cannot be the wife of three; therefore to whom shall I give her?" In this perplexed state of mind he retired to rest.

The three suitors soon followed his example, each supposing himself to be the fortunate competitor, and dreaming of the delights he should enjoy in the possession of so lovely an object. In the dead of the night, a wandering demon stole this lovely girl away and transported her to a high mountain, named Vinda-Chala. It is truly said: "That a surfeit of the most delightful pleasures will soon bring disgust; even the fair Sità was taken away by the tyrant Rávana; and the king Valí, great and powerful as he was, through extravagance became poor; and the pride of Rávana caused his utter ruin, and desolated his country."

At the break of day, the whole family were alarmed, for the daughter could no where be found, nor could any tidings be obtained of her. The greatest confusion prevailed in the household, all lifting up their hands to their heads with the greatest amazement. Any one that had seen the three lovers would have pitied them, for they were quite in despair; two in particular would not be comforted. The father addressed himself to the one, who was a most profound philosopher, in the following terms: "O thou great and learned Brahmin! tell me what is the cause of this strange disappearance of my daughter, and where she is to be found." After making various calculations, he replied: "Your daughter was taken away last night by a wandering demon, who carried her to the top of the mountain Vinda-Chala the place of his residence; she is still there accompanied by the demon; therefore haste to her rescue or her honor and perhaps her life will be the sacrifice."

The second lover replied: "If I can but reach the top of the mountain in safety, I will try my skill with this demon; and I doubt not that, with the help of my bow and arrows, I shall be able to overpower him." The third replied, "That you may reach the top in safety, take my flying chariot, for then neither height nor distance can keep you long from the object of your desire."

The archer was highly pleased at the proposal and joyfully ascended the chariot, and at a wish was carried to the top of the mountain, and having succeeded in killing the demon brought away the fair captive in safety.

Now arose a great dispute between these three lovers; each claiming her as his bride.

The first said: "Had it not been for my knowledge, you would never have discovered where she was." The second said: "Had it not been for my skill in archery, the demon could never have been overpowered." And the third one said: "The skill of the archer on the knowledge of the philosopher, would have been of little avail without the aid of my chariot; therefore she ought to be given to me." The father replied: "You are all equally deserving, for each has well played his part in her rescue; but to whom I shall give the preference I know not."

Here the Bytál paused, and asked the king Vikrama who was entitled to this girl. The king replied: "He that killed the demon." The Bytál said; "Upon what grounds do you speak?" The king replied: "Upon just grounds; for although, it is true she was bound by the strongest ties of gratitude, both to the philosopher and the mechanist; yet to the archer she was bound by much stronger ties, for he risked his life for her rescue: while they only exhibited

their skill, he both exhibited his skill and put his life in the greatest danger; for had he not succeeded, his death would no doubt have been the consequence; therefore he was entitled to her gratitude and love, and deserved to be put in possession of her person."

Hearing this, the Bytàl again disappeared and returned to the tree: the king followed him, took him down, and proceeded with him on his way as before.

The Bytàl then commenced the following story.

Tale VI.

THERE is a city in the interior parts of India named Dharmapúra, the name of one of whose rulers was Dharmashila. This king had a Vizier named Undhaka. One day being seated together, the Vizier said to the king, "Please your majesty, will it not be good to erect a temple near the city, and place an image of Dévi in it, and institute a day of worship to the goddess? By doing this, you will gain the fulfilment of all your desires, for it is thus written in the *Shàstras*." The king caused a temple to be erected to Dèvì without delay; and offered daily prayers at her shrine, according to the strictest forms of his religion; and till he performed these prayers, he would neither eat nor drink; not even a drop of water was allowed to touch his lips. In this manner he spent many years. One day his Vizier said to him: "O king! it is said, The house of him that is without issue is blank; the heart of an ignorant man is also blank, but to the needy all is blank."

Hearing these sayings, the king went to the temple of Dèvi, and began to pray to the goddess very fervently with

uplifted hands, saying: "O Dèvi! you are adored by Brahmá, Vishnu, Rudra, Indra, and every where you have rescued the world from the troubles of the evil sprits, viz. Mahishàsúra, Chunda, Munda, Raktavija, &c. great and mighty as they were, they crumbled to atoms beneath your power; but you value the lives of your faithful worshippers; I therefore, the feeblest of your worshippers, earnestly intreat you will grant my desires." When he had thus spoken, a voice issued from the temple, saying: "O king! I am highly pleased with your worship, therefore ask of me what you will, and I will grant it you." The king replied: "O mother! if you are pleased with my prayers, grant unto me a son." The voice in reply said: "Be it so, you shall be blessed with a son, both noble brave and generous, and a blessing to all around him." The king after this made great offerings to the goddess, of flowers, sandal, &c. and continued his devotions more fervently than before; and in due time, he was blessed with a son. On receiving news of this happy event, he proceeded with great joy to the temple, accompanied with every kind of music and by a great concourse of people, to offer thanks to the goddess for her bounty towards him.

Some time after, a washerman passed that way in company with a friend, and observing the sacred temple was about making a vow to the goddess, when looking around him, he observed a young girl of his own caste of most exquisite beauty standing near him. Seeing her great beauty, he fell desperately in love with her and vowed to Dèví, if he could gain this beautiful girl to wife, to sacrifice to her his own head. Afterwards, he returned to his own city together with his friend, and from that time gave himself up to melancholy, neither eating, nor drinking but continually meditating on this beautiful girl. His friend, seeing his sad condition, informed his father of the circumstances

that took place at the temple of Dévi. His father on being made acquainted with these particulars, was quite astonished, and said thus within himself: "If this boy cannot obtain the object of his desires, he will fall a victim to his folly; therefore it is better for me to give him in marriage to this girl, than by my refusal to cause his death."

Considering this, he left his own country, and departed to the city of the bride, accompanied by his friends, and arriving at her residence with safety, he said to the father of the girl: "I am come to solicit a favor at your hands." He replied: "I shall be happy to grant it, providing it lies in my power; therefore freely communicate to me your wishes." Hearing this, the old man said: "Be pleased to give your daughter to my son to wife, for it is the only means to save his life or reason." The father of the girl agreed, and at the earnest solicitations of the old man, sent for the Brahmins who were well skilled in astrology for fixing an auspicious day, at the same time, desiring him to conduct his son to the place for the purpose of celebrating the nuptials. The father returned home with joy, to prepare all things requisite for the marriage ceremony, and then went back with speed to the father of the bride, accompanied by his son. When the nuptial ceremonies were concluded, they all returned home with the bride, and lived happily together.

After some time, some great ceremony was to be celebrated at the house of the youth's father-in-law, consequently a letter of invitation was sent by him to his son-in-law; upon the receipt of the invitation he departed from the house of his father, gaily caparisoned, in company with his beloved wife and his friend. In his journey passing by the temple of Dévi, the happy husband recollected the vow he had made to that goddess, and reproached himself for

not having as yet fulfilled it; upon this he said to his friend, "Stay for me a little while, for I have a vow to pay to the goddess Dèvì." Having affectionately embraced his wife, he departed. Arriving at the temple, he bathed himself at an adjacent tank, and then took the scimitar that was laid before the goddess, and struck off his head with it.

After waiting a considerable time, his friend thought thus: "Why does the youth delay so long, surely some thing must have happened." Upon this, he said to the wife of his friend: "Lady, remain here, while I go and ascertain the cause of your husband's absence." Accordingly he entered the temple, and was struck with surprise at the sight of the dead body of his friend, and the head lying at a distance from it. He began to reflect: "This world is very censorious; people will say, I am the murderer of this man, and that I did it out of love to his handsome wife, and thus will I be accused of two crimes, murder and adultery. Hence it is better for me to kill myself, than to live with the finger of scorn pointed at me, saying, there goes the murderer of his friend." He then bathed in the same tank, and prostrating himself before the image of Dévi cut off his head with the same sword.

The young woman, being quite tired of waiting, and concluding that some extraordinary accident had happened to her husband and his friend, was determined to remain there no longer; she therefore entered the temple. Seeing the dead bodies of her husband and his friend, she was struck with horror, and said within herself: "What am I to do in this horrid affair, the world will surely think me a loose woman, and the murderess of both; therefore it is better for me also to kill myself."

She went and bathed herself in the same tank, and tak-

ing the sword in her hand, after offering up her prayers to the goddess, she was about to take her life, when the goddess descended frm the altar, and arrested her arm saying; "Daughter, I am well pleased with your services; therefore, ask of me what you will and I will grant it." She replied; "O mother and goddess! if you are pleased with your servant, grant me the lives of these persons." The goddess replied; "It is granted; join the heads to their respective bodies, and they shall rise up to life." Greatly overjoyed, she proceeded to execute the command of the goddess; but in her haste she placed the head of her husband upon the body of his friend, and the head of his friend upon that of her husband. As soon as the bodies came to life, there arose a great strife between the two persons whose identity was thus destroyed, about the possession of the young woman.

Here the Bytàl paused, and desired the king to name who ought to have the girl. King Vikrama replied, "Hearken, the *Shàstras* say, at Nudea the Gangá is the superior deity; among the mountans the Sumèru; among the trees the Kulpa; and among the members of the body the head is superior; therefore the body that is joined to the head of the husband must have the wife."

Hearing this decision, the Bytàl disappeared and began to ascend the tree. The king took him again on his shoulders as before, and the Bytàl proceeded.

Tale VII.

In a certain part of India, there is a city called Champávatì, which was governed by a king named Champá-

késwara; this king had for his queen the princess Suló-chanà, they were blessed with a daughter of such exquisite beauty and heavenly perfections, that she surpassed all the princesses of her time, she was called Tribhubana-Sundari. Her beauty might be compared to the full-moon on a bright frosty night; her eyes were like the antelopes; and her eye-brows more gracefully curved than the bow of Cupid; her nose was like the flower Kirkisi; her throat surpassed that of the peacock; her teeth the seeds of pomegranates, and the redness of her lips vied with the flower Kundri; her waist rivalled that of a young lioness; her hands and feet were superior in delicacy to the lotus; her body was like the flower Champaka; and as she grew up to womanhood, the beauties of her person more fully developing themselves, made her the fairest of the fair.

When she arrived at the proper age, her royal parents began to think of giving her away in marriage, to some of the neighbouring princes; for which purpose they ordered intelligence to be sent through all the surrounding countries fully describing her beauties, which were so great, that a single glance sufficed to subdue even an anchorite, for what could avail the severest morality opposed to the eyes of an angel; none that looked on her could think of any thing else.

Many kings and princes hearing of her fame, sent their portraits painted by the most eminent masters to the king Champakéswara that this divine beauty might select *one* amongst them for her husband.

The king shewed all these portraits to his daughter, requesting her to make her choice; for surely, says he, some

one among them is deserving your notice; but the damsel scarcely deigning them a look, replied: "My dear father, he only can be my husband, who joins to great beauty and strength of body, a knowledge superior to all mankind."

After some time, four suitors arrived from four different countries each expecting to be honored with her hand.

The king desired each to declare his pretensions, that he might decide who was most deserving of that high honor. The first said; "O king! my knowledge teaches me to make a cloth equal in value to five costly rubies; when I sell a piece (for it is only for rubies I dispose of it,) I give the first ruby to the Brahmins; the second I offer to the Gods; the third I keep for my own use; the fourth I preserve for my intended wife; and by selling the fifth, I procure support for my body; this art is known to no one except myself; my person you behold, therefore my beauty needs not any description as you yourself may judge of its worthiness." The second suitor said; "I understand the language of birds and beasts, and in point of strength, I acknowledge no equal, my person is before you." The third said; "I have such a knowledge of all sciences and books, that none can argue or dispute with me, and who can excel me in beauty?" The fourth and last suitor coming forward exclaimed; "I am superior to all in my knowledge of the *Shástras*, independent of which, I am a most skillful archer; but my beauty alone is a sufficient recommendation."

The king hearing the various qualifications of his proposed sons-in-law knew not in whose favor to decide; but pondered thus; "These four suitors appear to me in every point equal, to whom then shall I give my daughter?" At

last he went to her, and related every circumstance of this intricate affair, requesting her to select one from amongst the rivals. Hearing this, his lovely daughter blushing deeply hung down her head with virgin modesty; but replied not. The Bytál here paused and said to the king Vicrama; "To whom ought this girl to be given?" Vicrama replied; "He that sells the cloth, is of the Sudra caste; he that understands the language of birds, is of the Vyssha caste; he that is so learned in the sciences, is of the Brahmin caste; but he that is the archer, is of her own caste; therefore, she must be given to him.

Hearing this the Bytál reascended the tree, and the king returned with him as before.

The Bytál then renewed his discourse.

Tale VIII.

THERE is a city, called Mithilávatí, the king of which is named Gunadhìpa. Many hearing of this king, came and dwelt in the city with hopes of being employed in his service, among them the son of a king by name Chiramadèva. This young man used to attend every day at the levee of the king, thinking to attract his notice, but in vain; for he could find no opportunity of so doing, while to add to his misfortune, his purse was soon quite reduced and his own house by long absence became a desert.

One day, the king went out on a great hunting party, attended by a numerous train. Chiramadéva followed him mixing with the attendants unknown, and entered a large

forest. The king in his eagerness for the chace parted from his attendants; but Chiramadéva, whose main object was to bring himself to the notice of the king, had watched all his motions, and followed him at a distance unperceived by the king, who thinking himself alone in that part of the forest, felt much alarmed until Chiramadéva coming within hearing, exclaimed: "O king! your attendants are far behind, and only I a perfect stranger am near your person." The king hearing a voice turned round, and having checked the swiftness of his fiery courser, waited the approach of Chiramadèva; when he addressed him thus: "Who art thou, and why art thou so weak in appearance, and so deadly pale?" "Please your highness, in the service of kings are many thousands, therefore, some one among them must pass unnoticed, and if so will he not become thin and pale? But it is not the fault of the king. No, it is the power of destiny that wills it so; the whole animated creation can see by day, except the owl; for that reason, is the sun to be accused? when I was a captive in my mother's womb, Providence took care of me; but now I am brought into the world, and require both food and raiment. Providence takes no thought of me, surely he is dead or sleepeth! To ask favors from the rich is a great disgrace, for they look upon the poor with great contempt: it is better for one to die than to live on such terms; for begging degrades a man of rank and family, and sinks him beneath the brute creation; for first, It causes one to make friends with the low and vulgar; secondly, It causes one to be derided and scoffed at; thirdly, It causes disputes and quarrels with one's wife and family; fourthly, It causes one to serve perhaps an ignorant and purse-proud master; fifthly, It causes one to be mounted upon an ass, and lastly, Those that are poor and obliged to mix with beggars use low and vulgar expressions, to the disgrace of the reasoning powers of man. The five following are allotted to men from the hour of their birth: 1st, Fortune;

2d, Action; 3d, Wealth; 4th, Learning; and 5th, Reputation. O king! while a person is the favorite of fortune, every one is his slave; but when adversity comes upon him, even his dearest friend becomes his enemy. When a man becomes fortunate under the services of a king or great man, success attends him in every thing, and every wish is anticipated."

The king listening to all those sayings, only said; "I am hungry, bring me something to eat, no matter from where; but food I must have." Chiramadéva answered; "O king! what food can your majesty expect in this forest, boiled-rice cannot be procured any where, but in the habitation of man." Saying this, he went further into the forest, and shot a fine fat deer, and taking a flint and steel from his pocket struck fire with it, having first gathered a large bundle of sticks, and skinning the deer, he roasted it, and the king partook of it gladly, Charamadèva also joining him.

The king being fully satisfied, said: "O thou son of a king! shew me now the way to the city, for I am bewildered in the mazes of this forest." He did so, and brought him in safety to his palace. The king then gave him an appointment near his person, and presented him with many gifts in gold, cloths and jewels; and from that day, he became his greatest favorite. Some time after, a great festival took place, in honor of which, the king prepared a great feast on the banks of a certain river, in a distant part of his dominions, when he feasted Chiramadéva and all his court with great pomp and splendour.

Chiramadèva on his journey there passed the celebrated temple of Dévi, situated on the banks of the same river; entering it, he worshiped the goddess and departed. On

his return passing by the same temple, he observed a beautiful girl, who followed him, and accosted him thus:—"O man! for what reason came you on this road?" "For the enjoyment of love, and the sight of such a beauty," said Chiramadéva, "for seeing you, I am become quite enamoured and am burning with the fire of love." She replied: "If you want any enjoyment with me, you must first bathe in yonder tank, and then I will grant all your desires." According to her directions he went joyfully to the tank, and having undressed himself plunged into the water; but on rising again to his great confusion found himself in his own lodging. At this, he became greatly astonished, and indeed somewhat terrified; but having hastily dressed himself, he went to the king, and related to him the whole of this strange adventure.

The king was struck with wonder and surprise, therefore he immediately ordered his royal equipage, and proceeded with Chiramadéva to the same temple.

On arriving at the spot, they worshiped the goddess, and on leaving the temple, beheld the same lovely girl following them, accompanied by a female attendant. The stranger on seing the great beauty of the king, was deeply smitten with his personal appearance, and said to him: "Whatever commands you give me, I bind myself to obey." The king on hearing this said: "If so, then I command you to become the wife of my faithful servant Chiramadéva." She replied: "O king! I am in love with you, then why should I give my hand to another?" The king rejoined: "Ah! how is this? you say you are ready to obey all my commands, and refuse the first I give you, this is but a very indifferent proof of your obedience: the words of the good and the great, ought never to be violated; therefore you should remain firm in your promise, and I expect you will in this instance obey me." After a deal of

persuasion, she at last consented, and the king gave her hand to Chiramadéva, and they plighted their faith to each other in token of marriage, then they all returned together to the palace of the king.

The Bytál then said, "Now king Vicrama, who was most deserving of praise?" Vicrama said: "Chiramadéva." "Upon what grounds do you speak?" said the Bytál, "for had not the king Gunadípa a most beautiful wife at command, and yet he generously surrendered her to another; therefore he appears most commendable." "No, for it was the voice of fate that made him assist another, therefore he could not act otherwise; but he who neglects his own interest and assists another, is more commendable, which was the case with Chiramadéva, for he was desperately in love with this damsel himself, and yet he informed the king of every circumstance, whereby he not only ran the risk of losing her, but also put in jeopardy fortune, favor, and perhaps his life; for had the king married her, it is more than probable he might have become a sacrifice to his jealosy.

Hearing this, the Bytál assumed the same shape, and the king acted with him as before.

Tale IX.

In a certain city, O king! called Madnapùra, there dwelt a rich merchant by name Hiranyadatta, who had a most beautiful daughter named Madna Séna.

One fine day in spring, this girl, attended by her favo-

rite maids, went to pass an hour in a delightful garden, belonging to her father, It so happened that the son of another merchant named Dharmadatta, accompanied by a friend was enjoying the cool breeze at this pleasant season of the year, in a grove adjoining to the garden, and approaching near its confines, they beheld this beautiful girl; on seing her Dharmadatta was deeply smitten with her charms, and poured forth this rhapsody about her to his friend. "O brother! if I can but obtain this beautiful damsel, all my wishes will be fulfiled, for she is the delight of my soul, and the glory of my eyes: but if I obtain her not, my life will become a sacrifice to her charms." Saying this, he departed with his friend to his own home; but daily became more and more melancholy in thinking of the angelic person and perfections of his fair enslaver. At last, not being able to bear the pangs and torments of love any longer, he went to the girl and grasping her hand with great eagerness, said: "My lovely maid, behold the effects of your transcendent beauties, I am burning with the fire of love; therefore have pity upon me, or I expire at your feet; but surely such cruelty does not exist in a form so fair and lovely." She replied: "My lord, if you persist in this unlawful act, it will be a great sin, and rise up in judgment against you in the day of final retribution." He answered: "One glance from your brilliant eyes, accompanied by the delightful swellings of your bosom, is sufficient to make me set all fear at defiance. It is nectar to my soul, and I sigh only to expire in such ecstatic bliss." She replied: "After five days my marriage will take place with another; but let not that alarm you, for I solemnly swear to give myself up to your embraces on the first night of my marriage. Ere my husband approaches my person, you shall receive all the satisfaction you can desire; yes, my dearest love, you shall pluck that virgin rose, that ought to be plucked by none but my husband." Upon

saying this, they parted and returned to their respective homes. After five days the marriage was duly celebrated, and this fair lady was taken by her husband to his own residence. After a short time, the mother of the house came to her, and requested she would retire to the bed-chamber, and her husband would wait upon her there: according to the custom of new married-ladies, she made great resistance, yet at length by the application of a gentle force, she was obliged to enter. Then thinking of the appointment she had made with her lover, she sat down very mournfully in a corner of the apartment. Her husband entering the room, shortly after saw her, and gently taking hold of her hands, led her to the bed, and wished to caress her; but she repelled him, and related every circumstance that had transpired between her and the young merchant. Upon hearing this, the husband replied. "Ah! is it so? and are you really anxious to go and meet this lover? if so you have my leave to go." Having thus obtained the consent of her husband, she left the house with joy, attired in her wedding ornaments. On her way, she was met by a gang of robbers, who greatly rejoiced at the sight of so noble a booty, and accosted her thus:—"Fair lady, where are you going at this dead hour of the night thus gaily attired?" She replied: "I am going to my lover; Cupid the God of lovers is my only guard, I have no other." She then related to them every circumstance, and said: "My husband acting thus, surely you will not be less generous; but let me pass unmolested, and I faithfully promise, at my return to present you with all the jewels I have about my person."

The robbers on hearing this, said to themselves: "She freely offers us all her jewels; is it not better then to let her pass, only taking care she escape us not at her return?" Consenting to this, they released her, and she hastened with

all speed to the house of her lover. Arriving there in safety, she stept softly into his bed-chamber, and found him buried in a most profound sleep! she awoke him, but he being in great confusion, said; "Who are you? surely you must be the daughter of some goddess, or genius, for such ravishing beauty cannot belong to mortal frame!" She replied: "I am no genius or goddess, but a daughter of *Adam* like yourself, by name Madana Séna, the daughter of the merchant Hiranyadatta; surely you cannot have forgotten the promise I made you five days ago in my father's garden, to deliver up my person to your embraces on the first night of my marriage: I am now come to make good that promise, having left my lawful husband for that purpose, and now, behold, I am willing to fulfil all your desires."

The young merchant said: "Does your husband know of your absence?" She replied: "He does, and it is by his permission that I am come to fulfil my promise." He answered, "Is this possible? can a man deliver up a young and handsome wife to another on the first night of his marriage? why this is like wearing jewels, without clothes; to eat food, without *ghi* (butter;) and to sing, without a voice; to want common cloth, and wear cloth of gold; unwholesome food to a healthy man; an ugly body to a bright maid; and an unlearned son to a learned father. A giant in his wrath and a wife of loose principles are alike: for both are productive of misery. When women are bent upon evil, they seldom make confidants of their husbands; and there are few that are not inclined that way; therefore, their creation is different from that of men, and their nature altogether a strange compound." Making these remarks, he frankly said to the girl: "Far be it from me to pollute the wife of another, return to your husband, and let him see for once, that a lover can be as honorable as a husband."

The woman on hearing this, left the house of her lover, and went her way. On her return, she was met again by the same robbers, she related to them every thing that had passed between her and the young merchant, on hearing which, they were struck with surprise at such noble forbearance, and therefore would not be outdone in generosity; but said to her: "Return to your husband and tell him, that even at times robbers can be both generous and noble. Let the transactions of this night be for ever engraven on your mind. That a husband surrendered his just rights in a young wife to another, that a lover refused to take advantage of such unheard of generosity, and that robbers let a rich prize escape them when entirely in their power." Saying these words, they departed, and left her to pursue her way. She did so, and arrived at home in safety. On entering the bed-chamber of her husband, she related to him every circumstance that had transpired. Upon hearing the particulars, her husband received her with great joy, and said: "The harmony of a cuckoo is his beauty; and the beauty of a woman is to obey her husband; learning is the beauty of an ugly faced man; but the beauty of a hermit is forbearance."

Here the Bytàl pausing exclaimed: "Which of these parties was most honorable?" King Vicrama replied: "The robbers." The Bytál said: "Upon what grounds, king?" He replied: "Her husband found his wife enamoured with another, he therefore allowed her to gratify her lust, trusting to the generosity of the lover. The young lover, struck with the noble conduct of the husband, and fearing the laws of the king, forbore to take advantage of such generosity; but in regard of the robbers, what had they to fear? they lived by plunder; and yet, being struck with the

noble conduct of the husband and the lover, they nobly refused to plunder her person, although she was covered with valuable jewels, sufficient to make the fortune of each; therefore the palm must be given to them; their conduct was most deserving of praise?"

The Bytàl again became a corpse, and the king was once more under the necessity of cutting it down from the tree. While in his way with the corpse on his shoulder, the Bytàl commenced the following narrative.

Tale X.

In the country of Gowera, lies the city of Bardwán: some years ago, it was governed by a king named Gunashékhara, who had for his prime minister a designing man, named Abhaà-Chund, by whose counsels the king was prevailed upon to embrace the faith of Shiva and Vishnu. According to the tenets of that sect, he bestowed upon the temples one cow per day by way of expiatory sacrifice; and being, as is usual with all new converts to another faith, extremely strict in conforming to all its different dogmas, he issued an edict, that none should make any sort of wine or strong drink in his dominions, or throw dead bodies into the Ganges.

The minister having obtained this order from the king, had it proclaimed in every town and city subject to his rule, adding that if any one dared to disobey it, his property would be confiscated, and he himself subject to whatever punishment the king might think proper to inflict.

One day, the Vizier said to the king: "O king! he that takes the life of another in this world, will be beheaded by him in the next transmigration, for such sins cannot be pardoned any other way, not even by the most costly gifts. It was for such unholy acts as this, that Bramhá and Vishnu became incarnate. Therefore, cows are in many respects preferable to men, for they are less given to lusts, and what can be more useful, for it is by their milk that mankind are both nourished and fed, and for their meekness and innocence they may be compared to the dove; therefore it is more proper to pay adoration to them than to other deities. It is not good to take life, from the huge and mighty elephants, down to the small but industrious ants. And to act thus is among the principal virtues of life. Neither is it good to eat the flesh of animals; they that do so, will certainly fall into perdition in the day of final retribution; he likewise that has no pity for others, will in the next birth be deformed in person and unhealthy in his body, or deficient in the organs of speech, hearing, or seeing: and he that devours the flesh of fowls, will lose his beauty, and be defective in his members: also to drink wine is most sinful and abominable. In short, none of the appetites ought to be indulged; but kept in subjection." By this way of speaking, he entirely turned the king's mind, who became a complete anchorite, delegating his power entirely to the Vizier. In short, the king paid no kind of respect to Brahmins, devotees, or any class of the priesthood; but governed the kingdom chiefly by the advice of his Vizier.

After some time the king died, and his son reigned in his stead. Shortly after his accession to the throne, he ordered the grand Vizier to appear before him, and according to the custom of that country, when the nobles were obnoxious to their rulers, disgraced him by cutting his

hair in the form of seven crests, blackening his face, putting him upon an ass, and in that manner, sending him round the city; afterwards he banished him the kingdom for life. This he did publicly in the eyes of all men, and began to govern the kingdom alone according to his own desire.

Some time after this, it being then the delightful season of spring, the young king attended by his three queens, went on an excursion to one of his gardens of pleasure, in which, was a very large tank covered with the lotus. The king being highly delighted with the place, went down to bathe, and plucking a lotus to give to his first queen, it accidentally fell from his hand and broke her feet. The king being greatly alarmed, left off bathing, and the queen being placed on a litter was conveyed with care and speed to the palace; and all the physicians of the household were ordered to attend for her relief. It happened the same night, that the second queen was reposing in the open air, the beams of the moon darting directly upon her, every member of her body began to swell, and the same night, the noise of a pestle and mortar so affected the third queen, that she became perfectly senseless through a severe head-ache.

The Bytàl, pausing, said: "O king Vicrama! which of those three females was the most delicate?" The king replied: "She that got the head-ache by the sound of the pestle and mortar."

Tale XI.

In the city Puniápura, there once reigned a king by name Ballahava, of great prowess and renown, but greatly given up to his pleasures. One day he said to his grand Viziar,

"I am the ruler of a powerful kingdom; why should I then give myself up to care? my subjects can enjoy themselves, then why should not I, their king, do so too? my haram is full of handsome women, and I have wealth in abundance; of what use is beauty, wealth or power, if not enjoyed? Therefore I deliver into your hands the reins of government, rule my people, only on the throne will I be king: my days and nights shall be devoted to pleasure and the company of handsome women." Acting upon these words, he delivered all power into the hands of his Viziar.

One day, the Viziar being greatly fatigued with the duties of his office, was reposing herself on a sofa quite overcome with weariness and care; his wise wife kindly inquired the cause of this great lassitude of spirits. He replied: "The cares of government are too much for me, I am quite tired of exercising the royal functions, and wish to be relieved from such excessive trouble." The wife replied: "My lord, if you are weary of the royal duties, request leave of the king to go on a pilgrimage to a distant province, to fulfil a vow made some time ago; no doubt leave will be granted you, then you can relieve your body by slow journies to the sea-coast, and your mind by pleasure and relaxation from business; and you can remain there till your health is fully re-established." With this advice, he was greatly pleased, and at the next Imperial *Durbar* asked and obtained leave from the king to go on a pilgrimage.

Having taken leave of his family, he commenced his journey and after a few days, arrived on the banks of a famous sea, called *Sètu-Bandha Ràmèswra*, and there he offered up his vows to Shiva. On retiring from the temple, casting his eyes towards the ocean, to his great surprise he beheld a most beautiful tree of pure gold at a short distance from the shore. Its leaves were emeralds; its flow-

ers amethysts, and its fruit coral, on the tree was seated a female whose beauty was brighter than the sun, in her hand she held a lute of most delicate workmanship, which she touched so gracefully, that even the birds passing over, were struck by its melody, and, overcome by its notes and the heavenly tones of her voice, drooped their wings and fell into the sea.

The Viziar was so struck with astonishment, that he remained quite motionless; scarcely wishing to breathe for fear he might lose one of those divine notes, that might even have arrested the attention of an angel. After a short time, both lady and tree disappeared by sinking into the sea. It was some time before the Viziar recovered from the sensations produced on his mind, by so extraordinary a scene; but after waiting some time, and nothing further appearing he returned home pondering in his mind what these things could mean, and appearing before the king said with uplifted hands; "O great king! I have witnessed a most extraordinary scene, but it is said by authors: "To speak of things incredible is beneath the dignity of man; but when the eye has witnessed the thing spoken of, surely to speak of it can be no improper thing."

The king commanded him without further comment, to relate all the circumstances whatever they might be. He replied," Please your highness, near the bridge erected by Rá-ma over the sea, stands the temple of Mahàdéva. Returning from worshipping there, at a short distance from the bridge, casting my eyes towards the sea, I perceived to my great surprise near the shore a large tree of gold: its leaves were emeralds. its flowers amethysts, and its fruit coral; but its greatest wonder, was a most beautiful woman seated in the centre of the tree, who sung and played upon the lute so melodiously, that scarcely any life was left in me through

delight. After a short time both woman and tree disappeared and I saw no more." Upon hearing this, the king was struck with wonder and determined to see the end of this adventure, and having entrusted the kingdom to the charge of his Viziar, he privately left the palace, and in a few days reached the spot. Having worshipped Mahádéva he returned to the bridge of Ráma, and to his great joy beheld the same tree. The king without any hesitation, jumped into the sea, and having reached the tree, at one bound sprung upon it, when it instantly sunk into the sea, and the king found himself the next moment, in a most beautiful palace, with this incomparable beauty standing near him.

The lady instantly said: " Who art thou, and for what purpose camest thou here? thou must be a bold man indeed thus to court danger, and that of no common sort." The king replied: " O thou heavenly beauty! for what purpose thinkest thou am I come here but to contemplate thy transcendent beauties?" She replied: " If thou camest for that purpose, it is well, but this time is not fitting; therefore depart and return on the fourteenth night of the wane of the moon and then I will be thine; but hold, the present time may be best, therefore if you consent, the marriage ceremony shall take place immediately." The king joyfully consented, and they were married on the spot: when the wane of the moon had arrived at its fourteenth night, this beauty said; " O king! for particular reasons you cannot live with me now; this night an evil genius, the master of this palace, will be here, and I am compelled to deliver myself up to his embraces; therefore, if you value your life, depart in peace." Upon hearing this, the king taking a sword in his hand, retired to a secret corner of the palace. At midnight, he palace shook violently, and the evil genius appeared, and proceeded to embrace the

lady. Upon seeing this the king became greatly enraged and appearing before the demon, sword in hand, said: " O! vile cannibal genius, before you approach that lady you must force a passage through my heart: prior to beholding you, I had some fear, but now I see your person all fear has left me and I defy you." Saying these words, he made a desperate blow at the genius, and at one stroke severed his head from his body. Upon seeing this the lady greatly rejoiced, and said, " O brave and generous man! the service you have done me is indeed above praise; rubies are not to be found in every rock; sandal-wood is not found in every forest; nor are pearls to be found in every elephant's scull."

She then related her adventures to the king in the following manner. " My father's name is Vidiádhana and I am called Sundara; my father being extremely fond of me, had taken a resolution never to partake of food unless I sat near him. One day it happened that I was unfortunately absent during the time of dinner: my father being full of wrath, in the bitterness of his heart cursed me, saying: 'Vile and ungrateful daughter, for this act of disobedience you shall be the wife of a cannibal and evil genius, who will come on the fourteenth day of the wane of the moon and take you from hence.' Hearing this, I fell at my father's feet and implored him to have pity upon me, and save me from this dreadful fate: being moved by my tears he said, 'Daughter, the curse having once passed my lips cannot be recalled but must be fulfilled: therefore submit to it without repining: your punishment will be of short duration, for a prince and warrior will come to your rescue, and slay this genius, and free you from this curse.' Saying these words my father left me. The fatal curse having passed my father's lips, the evil genius appeared at the appointed time and conveyed me to this place, and then

forced me to his embraces, in spite of all the efforts I could make to defend myself, and continued to give me his company on the wane of every moon till your arrival; but, thank Heaven, he is no more, and in gratitude for this event, I will now go and pay my respects to my father whom I must still love in spite of his fatal curse." On hearing this, the king exclaimed: "My life, my soul, if your love is equal to mine, or if I am worthy of any sort of gratitude for having slain the genius, and delivered you from his vile embraces, first go with me to my dominions, that I may publicly proclaim you the queen of my heart; after which, you can visit your father." She replied; "Well, be it so, my beloved lord, whatever you command me I will cheerfully obey." Hearing this, the king became overjoyed, and they left the palace of the evil genius together: they were received with great rejoicings by the people of every town and city that they passed through, and *Nàtches* were exhibited every where in honor of their nuptials.

When they arrived at the palace, they were received with all kinds of music, and all the poets of the land celebrated their praises and happy union; and the king bestowed large donations upon the poor for the happy termination of this adventure.

Some days after, the queen said: "O great king! now according to your promise let me pay a visit to my father." The king on hearing this, became quite sorrowful and said nothing. The queen on seeing this, said; "My dearest lord, I see it gives you pain, therefore, I decline visiting my father." The king replied: "Why so, my beloved queen?" She said; "I am now the wife of a human being and my father is a Gandharva, (one of the choristors of heavens,) therefore he will be highly displeased at

my marriage with a mortal, hence, I will defer my departure for the present, and find out some other means of informing him of our marriage. On earth he has no power over my person; but if I once enter the land of Ginnestor, I cannot leave it again without his permission." Upon hearing this, the king passionately embraced his queen and bestowed a lac of rupees upon the poor. The grand Viziar, upon hearing this intelligence, became quite overwhelmed with sorrow, and through grief of heart shortly after died.

The Bytál here paused and said: "King Vicrama, why did the grand Viziar die?" "Upon hearing this news," Vicrama replied: "because the king being entirely devoted to his pleasures, the whole weight of government fell upon him; and being totally incapable of such exertions, he died through vexation; for by the queen not going to her father, he saw no end to his labours."

Hearing this, the Bytál disappeared.

Tale XII.

THERE is in a certain part of Hindustán, a city called Churápura, it was formerly governed by a king named Churámana. The chief Brahmin of this prince had a son by name Hari-shwámi, whose beauty was so great, that it exceeded even that of Cámadéva, the God of love; whose learning might be compared to that of Virhashpati, the preceptor of the Gods, and who might be said even to rival in wealth Kubèra, the god of riches. When arrived at a proper age, the youth was married to a girl of equal beauty and great accomplishments named Lávaniyà-vatí.

One day, it so happened, that both husband and wife were sleeping together in an open place or terrace, without curtains, on account of the great heat of the weather. The wife in her sleep had let the veil fall from her face to the ground, by which all her divine beauties became visible, in this state no one could behold without loving her, even the goddess of beauty herself might dread her charms; unfortunately at this time, one of the inhabitants of the air was passing over this place in a cloud, and seeing this beautiful mortal, became enamoured of her; and laying her gently on his bosom, transported her in a moment to the place of his abode. The husband awaking shortly after, was greatly surprised his wife had left him; he immediately arose, and went in search of her through every part of the house, but in vain; he made every enquiry among his servants; but no one had seen her or knew what had become of her: he then ordered search to be made for her throughout the city, and all the adjacent country, but still in vain. Could he but have known, what sort of being had taken her away he might have saved himself all this trouble, for she was lost to him for ever; and all his learning, beauty, and wealth could not bring her back. The disappearance of this lady, caused great surprise to every one, and the disconsolate husband again and again caused his extensive mansion to be searched, vainly hoping she might be secreted in some corner of it; but as might be expected, every search was fruitless. Upon this, the husband became quite melancholy and refused all comfort, for his house appeared to him like a desert without the company of his beloved wife. Overcome by his melancholy, he determined to abandon house, friend, and country, and never to return till he had found the object of his affections. In pursuance of this resolution, he assumed the dress of a wandering beggar, wearing only a small piece of cloth about his loins, and a wreath of *Tulasi* about his head, and having his body covered with ashes.

Having passed through many frightful forests and strange countries, he arrived near a large city, completely overpowered with his long and fruitless search; and being oppressed with hunger, he made himself a kind of basin, by joining several large leaves together with the finer fibres of the tree*. With this he went to the house of a Brahmin of that place, and begged of him some food.

The Brahmin received him graciously, and his wife filled his basin of leaves with fine cream; leaving the house, he put it near a tree for safety, and went to bathe himself in an adjoining tank. During his absence, unfortunately for him, a black venemous snake came that way and partook of the cream, and converted it into a deadly poison. The Brahmin returning, and knowing nothig of this, drank of the remainder, by which his blood became boiling hot by the strength of the poison. Perceiving this, he concluded that the cream had been poisoned, and accused the Brahmin of this foul deed; immediately after he fell to the ground and instantly expired in great agonies. When the Brahmin saw this, he accused his wife, saying; " O wicked woman! what have you done, you have poisoned this poor travelling Brahmin, his blood therefore be upon your head. I am innocent, depart instantly from my house, and let me never see your face again. He then drove her from his house.

Here the Bytàl pausing, said: —" O king Vicrama! who commited crime amongst those persons?" The king replied: " No one, all were innocent."

Upon hearing this, the Bytál disappeared.

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* In this simple art, the natives of Hindustán are very expert, for these basins will hold any kind of liquid and retain it for hours and even days.

Tale XIII.

In a certain city called Chandra-rhidaà, there once reigned a king named Dharmavíra of great wealth and power. In this city dwelt a rich merchant, who had a daughter of great beauty and accomplishments by name Sôbhàní; her beauty increased as she grew in years till she at last became the flower of the city, and the theme of every one's discourse. It happened one night, that her father's house was robbed of very considerable property.

The next morning, the merchant assembled his friends and some of the citizens, and they all proceeded together to the palace of the king and demanded justice, saying; "O great king! your country is so much infested by robbers that we cannot live in peace, for both our property and lives are in continual danger by nightly depredators." The king replied; "What is past, cannot be recalled; but I will take care for the future, that you shall be freed from those alarms, therefore now depart in peace and trust in your sovereign for protection." Upon this, they departed and the king gave orders that a strong body of troops should be stationed in every part of the city, and strictly commanded them to be vigilant in their duty, and if they caught any robbers in the fact, to put them to instant death, without any further trial or delay. But still this appeared to have no effect, for robberies were committed as frequently as before, and all the inhabitants were weary with watching their houses during the whole night, while not a night passed without some great robbery being committed. Upon this all the inhabitants of the city and the adjacent country collected themselves together, and proceeded in a body to the palace of the king, and having obtained audience,

they said;" Please your highness, although the place is full of soldiers, yet the peace of the city is nightly disturbed by these robbers. O great king! what are we to do, in this state of alarm and continual loss of property?" The king replied: " For the present retire, and I myself will watch the city to night." Hearing this, through their great confidence in their king they departed with joy to their respective homes. When night came, the king arming himself with a good sword and shield, departed alone from the palace, and having journeyed a little way from the city fell in with the chief robber on the highway. The king on seeing him said; " Halt! who art thou, that art thus prowling about near the town at this dead hour of the night?" The robber replied; " I am a robber chief, and pray who art thou, that darest thus to question me?" The king replied: " I also am a robber, therefore a fellow worker in the same vineyard." Upon this, the robber chief exclaimed with joy " Is it so indeed? then thou art my brother, and we are met together in good time, let us therefore proceed to business; I have fixed upon a house for to night, therefore, comrade let us make no delay." Upon this, they entered the city together and proceeded to the house mentioned by the robber and stripped it of every article of value unmolested by any one, and again left the city unnoticed, and travelled on till they came to a certain well, which they descended, and to the king's great surprise he found himself in front of a large subterranean building; the robber commanded the king to stop near the door, while he himself entered the building, taking with him all the riches.

After his departure, a damsel came to the door, and saw the king and said: " Mighty king! this is no place for you, this is the abode of crime and abominable wickedness. It is the dwelling of a demon, the protector of robbers; therefore fly for your life, for if you are once beheld by the

demon, it will be too late, for he is of monstrous size, and will devour you in a moment," The king relied; "I am a perfect stranger here, and know not what side to flee." The damsel said; "Follow me, and I will shew you the road." The king followed her without fear, and she led him out in safety, and he arrived at his palace without any farther adventure. The next day, the king surrounded the place with a great force, and descending by the well entered the subterranean dwelling, and then carried away all the riches they could find; the greater part of which belonged to different people living in the dominions of the king; the robber however made his escape and fled to the demon, his protector, and informed him that the king of the country had entered his dwelling and robbed him of all. "O demon!" he continued, "protect and avenge me now, or I shall abandon your service and fly to some foreign country." The demon said: "You need not leave me, I will soon avenge you upon your enemies and recover all the treasure, by doing which, I shall obtain a good meal, which I have long wanted."

Upon this, the earth opened, and the demon appeared before the army, and soon began to devour both men and horses. The king seeing his enormous stature fled from him with great fear, and happily effected his escape. In his way he fell in with the robber, who said to him; "You are descended from the tribe of Rájaputas, (warriors) and do you fly from a warrior? turn, O king! and behold your foe." Upon hearing this, the king became greatly enraged; and said; "Vile slave of a slave, son of a coward, dost thou dare to defy me?" Upon this, they fought and the king being conqueror, he bound the robber with cords, and led him a prisoner to his palace; then ordered him to be bathed and a good dress put upon him, and in that condition placed upon the back of a camel, and led through

every part of the city with beat of drums. He also gave orders for the erection of a scaffold for his execution after he had been thus publicly exposed. The executioner going before him, cried out continually: "Lo, good people! the robber, the terror of the country, the head of all the nightly depredators, behold him now a prisoner taken by our great and renowned king." In this manner passing by the door of the merchant, the noise of the drums was heard by the daughter, and she sent a servant to enquire into the cause of it. The servant returned and said; "It is the famous robber chief made prisoner by the king, and they are now carrying him in procession through the city to the place of execution; there to be put to death by impalement." Hearing this, the fatal curiosity of her sex urged her to go to the window to see him pass. On beholding him, she conceived a violent affection for him, and went immediately to her father, and said; "Father! I have seen this dreadful robber pass by, and by seeing him love him to excess; no other person shall be my husband; therefore go immediately to the king, and entreat his release." The merchant replied: "Oh daughter! you know not what you ask, how can the king release him? he has done much injury to the country and every thing is ready for his execution." She replied: "Father! if by giving up the whole of your property, you can procure his release, it must be done, for if he is not released I will die with him."

Upon this, the merchant prostrated himself before the king, and exclaimed: "O king! listen to me, and grant me the life and liberty of the robber, for my only daughter loves him to distraction; grant my petition, and I will agree to pay into your royal treasury fifty lacks of rupees." The king replied: "Alas, merchant! your petition can never be granted, the riches of an empire should not save his

life: have not my subjects been robbed and kept in jeopardy of their lives for many years by his audacious robberies; is it not through him that the flower of my army has been destroyed by the demon; and comest thou here to ask his life and liberty? Away, foolish man! if thou valuest thine own life." When the merchant found, that he could not prevail upon the king, he left him, and returned very much disappointed to his daughter and related every thing to her: at the place of execution, the robber heard of the merchant's daughter's solicitations in his behalf, and began to laugh, and when he thought of his own unhappy destiny, he began to weep; however nothing availed him: for according to the sentence of the king, he was impaled alive. The merchant's daughter, hearing of his execution, ran to the spot with a determination to die with him, and having taken down the corpse, placed it on the ground, and then ordering a funeral pile to be erected, she ascended it and taking the head of the robber on her knees determined to burn herself with the dead body, in the same manner in which faithful wives burn themselves with the dead bodies of their husbands. There happened to be near this place a temple sacred to the goddess Dévi. The goddess looking down, observed this act of the merchant's daughter and highly approved of it; she therefore appeared before her, and said: "O daughter! I am highly pleased with your bravery and chastity, therefore ask of me what boon you will, and I will grant it." She replied; "If you are pleased with my conduct, give life to the dead body of this robber." The goddess replied: "Your request is granted." Saying this, the goddess flew to the palace of the gods and brought from thence the divine nectar, and having put a little into the mouth of the robber, he instantly rose up into life.

Pausing here, the Bytál said: "O king Vicrama! why

did the robber first laugh and afterwards weep?" The king replied; "The cause of this I can explain, when the robber reflected that it was impossible for him to repay the merchant and his daughter, for being thus ready to sacrifice both honor and fortune to save his life, he wept, but when he considered, that during his whole life he had not met with one friend, while at this critical moment he found friends who were so generous, he was surprised at the inscrutable ways of God; however, remembering that this great offer was made at a time when he was abandoned by all the world, and near his last moment, being within sight of the place of his execution, and considering the injuries he had done the king and his people, he laughed at the folly of these offers."

Tale XIV.

THERE is a city called Kusamávatì, the king of which is named Suvichára, he had a daughter by name Chandraprabhà of great beauty and accomplishment. It was a custom with this beauty to amuse herself in walking in the gardens of the palace, every day during the summer months accompanied by her female attendants. It happened one day by the power of destiny, that the son of a Brahmin named Mánasha had strayed into the gardens; being rather fatigued, he had laid himself down under the shade of a tree, and lulled by the inviting coolness of the place had fallen asleep. The princess and her attendants had not observed this young man, in passing the tree in their way to the saloon of pleasure, where the princess amused herself with her attendents in hearing pleasant stories; but at their return, passing by the same tree, they saw this

beautiful young Brahmin sleeping. By their loud talking they awoke him; he stared about with astonishment, and accidentally the eyes of the young Brahmin and the princess met, immediately Cupid shot his arrows into each of their hearts, and they burned with the fire of love. The Brahmin was so struck with the divine glances of the princess, that he fell to the ground quite senseless, and the princess was transfixed to the spot; her feet began to tremble, and a faintness came over her. The attendants seeing this, immediately caught her up in their arms and conveyed her in a litter to her own apartments; but the youth remained in the same senseless state.

It so happened, that two Brahmins shortly after passed that way and saw the youth. One of them was named Sashì, and the other Maladèva, they had just arrived at the famous city Kámarùpa, and both were well skilled in the occult sciences. Maladéva seeing the young Brahmin, said; "O Sashì! who is this lying here?" Sashi replied: "O Maladéva! this youth has been pierced by the arrows of Cupid, some female is the cause of this, and it must be some great beauty too, for he himself is very handsome." Maladéva said: "Had we not better awake him from this love stupor?" Sashi replied; "No, it is better to let him lie, what reason can we assign for awaking him, or of what use can we be to him? It is better therefore, to let him remain realizing imaginary happiness." Maladéva paid no regard to the words of Sashi, but throwing a little water on the mouth of the young Brahmin, he immediately awoke and looked upon the Brahmins with surprise. When they asked him why he lay in that state under the tree, he replied: "I shall speak only to him, that can remove the pangs of love." Maladéva, in reply said; "Well, be it so, speak your mind freely and you will find in me a friend that can do it." The young Brahmin then began to relate thus; "Sir, wandering into this garden, I

accidentally fell asleep under this tree, hearing a noise I awoke, and to my surprise beheld the princess bending over me surrounded by her attendants. Her beauty was sogreat, that I instantly became enamoured of her. Her transcendent charms overpowered me and I fell senseless at her feet: if I can gain this lovely princess, it is well, if not, I will remain here and expire." Maladéva replied; "Take courage, young man, and come with me to my house, and I will try my utmost to obtain for you the object of your desires, and if I do not succeed, I will bestow upon you great riches." He said in reply: "The Almighty has created a great many rare and precious things; but nothing is equal to lovely woman, for her sake only man requires wealth; but if I am deprived of that inestimable gem, of what use are riches to me? he that hath not a beautiful and fair mistress is worse than a brute; virtuous actions produce wealth; wealth produces happiness; but happiness depends only for its duration upon the fair; where there is no fair lady, there can be no happiness." Maladèva in reply said; "Come with me, and whatever you require I will give." "Procure me," said he, "but the love of this angelic creature and I am your slave for ever." Maladèva replied; "Trust in me, and all your desires shall be granted." After much persuasion, he agreed to go with them to the house of Maladéva. There, after partakiug of refreshments the Brahmin and Maladèva made up two *Gótikàs* or pills, one of which he gave to the young lover, saying; "Whenever you put this pill into your mouth, you will become a young and handsome woman of the age of twelve years, and you will remain so as long as the pill remains in your mouth." The youth took the pill, and on putting it into his mouth, was instantly changed to a young and beautiful woman. The other pill Maladèva put in his own mouth, and became changed to an old man of eighty years. In this disguise they proceeded together to the palace of the king. The king

seeing the old Brahmin, made him a profound reverence and ordered a seat for him, and another for the pretended young lady. The Brahmin then recited a couplet for the prosperity of the king, which ran thus: —"May he whose grace is spread throughout the three worlds; he who deceived the king Valí, he who erected a bridge over the sea; he who took a large mountain in one of his hands; he who saved the lives of men at the cow-house of Indra, the same Váshudéva, preserve and bless you with a long and prosperous reign." Hearing this, the king exclaimed; "From whence do you come, and what is it you require from me?" Maladéva replied; "I am come from my home on the other side of the Ganges, I went to bring this wife for my son; but I have lost him on the road: he has absconded from me without any cause, I wish therefore, to go in search of him; but it is impossible for me to do so burthened as I am with this young damsel; therefore, O king! I have brought her to your palace, and demand protection for her till my return, use her with kindness, and protect her honor, as you would that of your own daughter." Hearing this, the king became greatly confused, and thought within himself, "What am I to do with this young and beautiful girl, this is indeed a heavy charge upon me; but if I refuse his request, he will curse both me and my kingdom, which will be the destruction of both myself and people: therefore of the two evils, I had better choose the least." Upon which, he said; "O Brahmin! this is indeed a heavy charge you lay upon me, but however I consent to your request, and will treat her in every respect as my own child."

Upon this, the Brahmin departed, and the king sent for his daughter and said to her; "Take this daughter of a Brahmin to your own apartments, and treat her in every respect like a sister; lose not sight of her for a moment;

but consider her as a sacred deposit that will be required at your hands in the same manner as you received it." The daughter agreeably to her father's order, took this feigned Brahminee, to her apartment; when night came they both slept together and began to amuse each other with different anecedotes and stories, neither of them being inclined to sleep. The feigned lady said: " O princess! why has the color forsaken your cheeks; why are your lovely eyes so red with weeping; and why is your frame so reduced?" The princess replied; " One day I was walking in my father's garden, when I beheld a most beautiful young Brahmin, sleeping at the foot of one of the trees; he was so beautiful that the God of love himself could not equal him in beauty; he awoke and our eyes met: he became senseless with delight, and I was ready to die for him. My attendants observing me fainting were struck with alarm and conveyed me to my apartments: I am ignorant who this young man was, but his resplendent beauty will be for ever fixed in my heart, my appetite has left me and I am daily pining away; for I consider my case hopeless, because the object of my desire is unknown, there is therefore no remedy for me but death." The transformed Brahmin said: " O princess! should I be able to procure you the sight of this Brahmin, even bring him to this apartment, what reward would you bestow upon me?" The princess replied; " For this favor, I will remain your willing slave, and for worldly wealth, take all that I have." Hearing this, he retired into another apartment, and taking the pill from his mouth, became again the young Brahmin, and in that shape entered the apartment of the princess. She seeing him, hung down her head with virgin modesty; but nevertheless received him joyfully and after explaining every thing, they were married together according to the rites of Gandharva, that is by exchanging wreaths of flowers. They slept together that night and ever after

the young Brahmin at day break became a woman and at night a man. After living in this manner for six months, the princess found herself far gone in a state of pregnancy.

One day, the king and his family went to the house of the grand Viziar to celebrate a marriage in his family, when the son of the Viziar saw this feigned daughter of the Brahmin and fell desperately in love with her, and said to his friend; "If do not obtain possession of this ravishing beauty I will sacrifice my life." After the entertainment was over, the king and his family returned to the palace. The grand Viziar's son became quite melancholy, refusing all food and pining in secret, for this supposed Brahmin's daughter. Seeing this, his friend informed his father of every circumstance. The Viziar, hearing it went to the king, and said; "O king! my only son is dying through love for the Brahmin's daughter, grant her therefore to him or my grey hairs will be brought with sorrow to the pile." The king hearing this, became greatly enraged, and said; "Vile and dastardly slave, thinkest thou the words of kings can be so easily broken? Is not this Brahmin's daughter the wife of another, and have I not promised her protection? and because thy son has fallen in love with her, thinkest thou on that account I am to forfeit my honor, and break my word, like the son of a slave? Begone this moment, and beware of again insulting me by so base a proposal."

At this, the Viziar retired greatly confused, and coming to his house, beheld his beloved son in a dying state; seeing him thus and being without hope, he also refused sustenance, being determined to die with him. All the great officers of the kingdom seeing the alarming state

of the Viziar and his son, went in a body to the king and said; "Sire, if you persist in refusing the daughter of the Brahmin to the Viziar's son, both father and son will fall victims to their grief. The old Brahmin that left her in your charge is gone no one knows where, and it is more than probable considering his great age, that he is dead long ago: by shewing kindness to the Viziar and his son, your kingdom will remain in security; but if they die, we cannot answer for the consequence. Should the Brahmin again appear before your highness, you can easily pacify him by bestowing upon him great riches and many villages, and you can likewise give him your daughter for a wife to his son, which surely must satisfy him."

The king, being overcome by their persuasions, called the girl, and ordered her to prepare for a visit to the grand Viziar's son. She replied: "The beauty of women is the cause of much crime and the virtues of a Brahmin may be lost in the service of a king; by allowing a cow to graze in a strange field, becomes obstinate; and fortune is lost by evil deeds. If it is your Majesty's command, I will join myself to this Vizir's son, on condition that he obey me in all things, and grant all my desires." The king inquired; "What service do you require of him." She said, "I am the descendent of a Brahmin, and he is of the Kshétri caste; therefore it is not lawful for me to wed with him, unless he first go on a pilgrimage to a certain temple, and there offer up the proper propitiatory sacrifices to appease the Gods; let him do that, and then I will give myself up to his embraces." Upon hearing this, the king sent for the grand Viziar's son, and said to him; "First go on pilgrimage to a certain shrine, and there perform particular ceremonies, that you may appease the Gods, and obtain their sanction to your union with this lady, who is the daughter of a Brahmin,

At your return, I will deliver her into your hands, as the willing wife of your bosom." He replied: "My liege, I am willing to perform this pilgrimage, but let this lady go to my house and consider herself as my betrothed wife." The king related all this to the young Brahmine and after a deal of trouble she was induced to obey the royal command, and was sent to the grand Viziar's house with great pomp, surrounded by the guards and attendants of the palace. The son of the Viziar then took her to his wife, and commanded that lady to treat her as her equal in every respect; and indeed in some instances to give place to her, and never on any pretence whatever to quarrel or dispute with her, or allow her to visit strange houses. Giving these instructions to his wife, he left her and proceeded immediately on his pilgrimage. When night came, they went to bed together, and the wife said to the young Brahmin: "My friend and sister, my heart is burning with the flames of love, and I know not how to gratify my desires." He replied: "If I shew you the way of doing so, what reward will you bestow upon me in return?" She replied; "I will bind myself your slave for ever." Upon this, he took the pill out of his mouth, and became a young and beautiful man; seeing this, the wife was greatly surprised, but after receiving a proper explanation, was greatly rejoiced, and they lay together that night both being equally pleased with each other and their mutual love increased daily. The young Brahmin becoming a woman by day, and a man by night.

After a few months, her husband, the Viziar's son arrived from his pilgrimage. His arrival was celebrated with great feasts and rejoicings, and diffused happiness throughout the whole house; but their joy was soon turned into sor-

row: for the same night, his intended wife left the house in her own figure, and went direct to the house of Maladéva, and related to him every circumstance that had occurred to him, since he had left him under the charge of the king; Maladéva then took back the pill and pronouncing some words over it, presented it to Sashi, who put it in his mouth, and he was instantly transformed into a very handsome and beautiful young man: Maladèva put another into his own mouth, and he became a very decrepit old man, and in this manner they proceeded to the palace of the king. On reaching it, they presented themselves before him. Upon seeing them, the king became greatly confused, but ordered seats for them, and Maladéva bestowed many blessings upon him. The king then enquired of Maladéva of his welfare and why he had tarried so long. Maladèva replied: "I have been all this time searching for my son, and having at last found him, have brought him before your majesty; therefore, be pleased to call his wife, whom I delivered to your charge, that we may depart to our own house, and there celebrate the marriage." The king being in great confusion, related every thing to the Brahmin."

Upon hearing this, Maladéva became greatly enraged and said; "Sire, what wickedness is this! Was she not delivered to you as a sacred deposit? did I not acquaint you, that she was the wife of another? and did you not give your sacred word to protect her, and look upon her as your own daughter? It is a disgraceful act; therefore, for this evil deed, my curse shall fall upon you and your kingdom." Hearing this, the king became greatly alarmed, and said: "O king! be not thus angry with me, what is passed cannot be recalled; I am sorry for what is done, and will make every reparation in my power: demand of me what wealth, honors, and dignities you please,

and they shall be granted you." Maladéva replied: "Neither riches, honors, nor dignities can expiate this crime; but if you wish to avert the fatal effects of my curse, you must give your daughter to my son to wife." The king agreed to the proposal with joy, and commanded the instant attendance of all the royal astrologers, that they might fix upon an auspicious day and hour to celebrate this happy marriage. The astrologers said; "Great king! the present moment is the most prosperous and benign; therefore embrace it, by doing which, you avert all evil from your empire." The king upon hearing this, gave his daughter immediately to this pretended young Brahmin to wife, and bestowed upon the princess a very large dowry both in money and jewels.

The Brahmin retired to his own house accompanied by his pretended son and daughter-in-law, but no sooner had they arrived, than a violent dispute arose between the son of the Brahmin, that was married according to the rites of Gandharva, and Sashì, the pretended Brahmin's son, for the possession of the princess. Sashì said: "I have lately married her, therefore she is mine." The young Brahmin said; "How can she be yours; was I not first married to her, and does she not carry in her womb the nearly ripened fruits of her marriage with me?" In this way, they disputed for some time. Maladéva did all he could to bring them to an amicable settlement; but in vain, they became more enraged and paid no manner of attention to to his word.

The Bytàl here paused, and asked the king Vicrama, who ought to have this princess.

The king replied; "She must be gven to Sashí." The Bytál said; "How can this be, when she was pregnant by

the son of the Brahmin?" The king said; "That she was pregnant no one could tell. To the son of the Brahmin, she was married by the rites of Gandharva, which marriage could not be lawful; for they were both of mortal frames; had either of them been a fairy or genius, the marriage would have been legal; but being mortals, they ought to have been united according to the laws of mortals, by the neglect of which, their marriage was both illegal and impious. Sashì married her publicly, and according to the rites of the sons and daughters of men; he therefore, was her lawful husband, though the child will partake of the qualities of the young Brahmin."

Hearing this, the Bytál disappeared.

Tale XV.

THERE is a famous range of mountains, called the Himàlaá, which is the abode of a race of devotees, who partake of some of the privileges of the inferior genii. They were governed at this time by a king, named Jimúta-kètu, who being childless, prayed ferveutly to the tree Kulpa that he might have a son. One day, the tree said; "O king! I am highly pleased with your earnest worship and offerings, thorefore ask of me what you will, and I will grant it." The king replied; "O Kulpa! give me a son to inherit my throne and kingdom, that my name may not perish from the world after my death." The tree replied; "Your desires are granted, retire to your palace, and in due time you shall embrace a son." A short time after, the queen found herself pregnant, and in due course was safely delivered of a beautiful boy. At the sight of this valuable blessing, the king was quite delighted, and ordered the trumpets to

sound, and the drums to beat, and general rejoicings to be held throughout his empire.

The king called his little son by the name of Jimuta-vàhana. When the boy arrived at the age of twelve years, he became learned in all the sciences, and perfectly acquainted with all the *Shàstras*, he paid his adorations to Shiva; but he was as brave as he was religious. Indeed he surpassed all the young men of his age, in every qualification both of body and mind.

All the people of the empire, were very orthodox in their belief, and obeyed the *Shàstras* to the letter. This young prince being led by the example of his father, made daily offerings to the tree Kulpa, even from his childhood. The tree being well pleased with his attention, said to him one day; "I am well pleased with your daily offerings, therefore ask of me what you will, and I will grant it you." Jimuta-vàhana in reply said; "I wish all my poor subjects to become rich, that all may be equal." The tree replied; "Depart in peace, for your desires are granted."

Upon this, all the inhabitants became wealthy, which caused great confusion in the empire; for all wished to become masters, and none were willing to obey. The relations of the king, seeing the religious turn of both father and son, and that none of the people obeyed them, began to contemplate taking the empire from them and putting them in imprisonment. One day, during their devotions, they went so far as to seize upon the throne. By chance, this reached the ears of the king, and he said to his son; "O son! you see my subjects have risen up in rebellion against me and have seized my throne; what therefore shall we now do?" The prince replied: "My father and king, do

you remain here in peace, and I will face these daring rebels and soon extirpate them from the face of the earth." The king replied; "This body was made for decay, and wealth is of short duration; when men are born, death follows at their heels; therefore it is better for us to relinquish the empire, and give ourselves entirely up to devotion, for, shall we for the sake of bodily happiness and a kingdom deprive any of life? No, it is impossible, we cannot commit so sinful an action. The king Judhistra who composed the work Mahà-bhârata, repented afterwards of his performance, and so shall we, if we sacrifice the lives of any of our subjects for the preservation of our kingdom." "Well, honored father and king," replied the young prince, "be it according to your word, give up your kingdom and we will retire to some distant forest, and devote our lives to acts of devotion." Upon this, they sent for their relations and surrendered the kingdom into their hands, and then retired to a rock, and erecting a small but beautiful cottage, began to live in great happiness and content.

The son contracted friendship with a young anchorite residing near they spot. One day, the both ascended the mountain to take a survey of the surrounding country, where they found a temple sacred to Bhavàni, and in it a very beautiful young princess, the daughter of the king of that place, playing upon a lute, and accompanying it with her voice, which was divinely melodious. The eyes of Jimuta-váhana, and the princess met each other, and the fire of love immediately took possession of thir hearts. The princess hung down her head with virgin modesty and retired hastily to her father's palace, and the prince returned to his cottage, being quite ashamed of himself for thus allowing his eyes to wander towards the princess in presence of the young anchorite. The princess and the prince both passed a very restless night. Just at day break, the former again went

to the temple to worship, and was met in her way by the young prince, who, taking a proper opportunity, asked one of her female attendants, the name and quality of their mistress. She replied; "Her name is Malaà-vatí, daughter of the king Malaà-kètu, and she is yet unmarried." The attendant continued: "Beautiful young man, what is your name, who are you, and where are you going?" He replied; "My name is Jimuta-váhana, the son of the king of devotees; we have been deprived of our kingdom, by our rebellious subjects, and have came here to live in solitary retirement." Saying this, the prince retired, and the attendant related every thing to the princess. Upon hearing which, she became quite melancholy, and returned home quite disconsolate, and through thinking of the prince she could neither eat, drink, nor sleep. The attendant seeing her in this way, related the adventure to her mother, who went to the king, her husband, and said; "Monarch, our daughter is now fit for marriage, therefore, it is time you should think of getting her a husband."

The king agreeing sent for his son, named Mittravashu and said; "Son, as your sister is now fit for marriage, seek out a husband for her; but let him be of noble descent and of estimable character." The son replied: "My father, the king of devotees named Jimuta-kétu, and his son Jimuta-vàhana having resigned their kingdom, are at present living in your dominions in devotional retirement." The king said; "If this be so, I will give your sister to wife to this young prince; so go and inform his father of my determination in his favor, and bring this young prince before me." Upon receiving this order, the prince went to the cottage of the ex-king, and requested he would allow his son to go with him to the palace of his father, for the purpose of marrying his sister. Having obtained

the consent of the old king, the two princes proceeded to the palace. The king ordered the marriage ceremony to be performed without delay according to the rites of Gandharva. When this happy ceremony was over, they went to the cottage of the old king, attended by prince Mittra-vashu, saluted him and received his blessing.

The day passed away in delightful conversation. The next morning, the two princes went to take a walk upon the hill, when they observed an elevated peice of land quite white, Jimuta said to his brother-in-law; "What is this white hill before us?" He replied: "It is a heap of bones, that daily issue from the ground here about; a vast number of snakes are continually devoured by the regent bird, by this, he intends to open a passage for a prince of the subterranean world, who will shortly arrive here; and the small mountain before us is composed entirely of snakes' bones, for the birds only eat the flesh leaving the bones to dry."

Upon this, Jimuta said to the prince; "Now go and take your meal, this is the appointed hour for me to worship, therefore I cannot join you." The prince then departed, and Jimuta proceeded on; he had not gone very far, before he heard the voice of weeping at a distance, he went on his way till at last he saw a woman sitting, bewailing and lamenting bitterly: he went near her, and asked the cause of her thus lamenting. She replied: "I have a son, Shankhá-chúra by name, who is of the serpent race, therefore the regent of the birds will devour him to-day, and it is on this account I am weeping, for I am without remedy." Jimuta replied; "O mother! be not thus sorrowful, for I will surrender myself up to the jaws of this monster in his place." The old woman in reply said: "Ah my son! this can never be, do not shew such sympathy towards me and

my son, for, by this word, I consider *you* as my son." While they were thus talking Shankha-chúra himself came, and hearing this, said: "Sire, there are many millions of worthless beings like me in the world; but where can we find even one equal to your highness in every virtue and honorable learning? therefore, sacrifice not your precious life for me; for, by your living, many will be benefited, but whether I live or die, is of no consequence: for, living or dead I cannot be of any use." Jimuta then vehemently exclaimed: "It is not the part of a good and wise man to depart from his word; I have promised and I will perform; therefore retire from whence you came, and leave this adventure to me." Upon this, Shankha-chúra retired into the mountain, to the temple of Dévi. In the mean time, the regent bird was seen hovering in the air. The bird was of an enormous size, for his legs might be compared to twelve large bamboos; his beak a palm tree; his body like a mountain; his eyes resembled two glaring suns; and his wings darkened the air like a cloud. The king reviewed him for some time: when the bird made a swoop and took up the prince in his beak, as a cat would take a mouse, and flew away with him. In flying, the ring of the king loosened from his finger, and fell near the feet of the princess, his wife, besmeared with blood. At this sight, she screamed and fell senseless to the ground. When she recovered a little, she flew to the palace of her parents and shewed them the ring, explaining how it came into her possession. At the sight of it they wept bitterly, and all three proceeded in search of the prince.

In their way, they met with Shunkha-chúra, who was crying out to the regent bird: "Lo! thou regent of the birds, the prince is not suitable food for thee; I am here, devour

me instead of him, for I am to your taste being of the serpent race; therefore release the prince instantly." Hearing this, the bird descended from the heavens with great confusion, and thought within himself, "I would have done a very foolish thing had I devoured the prince; for I know not whether he is a Brahmin or a Kshétri," and turning towards the prince, said: "Why, prince, are you so willing to devote your life for another? speak the truth and fear nothing." The prince replied; "O thou mighty bird! if the tree gives no shadow, of what use is it to mankind? and if this perishable body is not devoted for the good of others, of what use can it be? As a well known proverb says: The oftener you rub sandal, the more odorous is the smell; and the oftener you put gold in the fire, the more pure and brilliant it will become; so the wise at their death repine not, and are careless of the opinion of others, for both the rich and poor must die, either by honor or dishonor; therefore is it not better to devote life in the cause of virtue? this is honorable death; all other deaths are comparatively dishonorable. He that regards wealth as his all, passes his days like the crows, for they seek their own advantage only, and so does he; he that loves a Brahmin, a cow, a friend, and a wife, and yet sacrifices his life for another, at his death goes direct to heaven." The bird replied: "In this world most people value their own life, few, very few can be found willing to sacrifice it for another; therefore, for this noble deed, ask of me any boon you please, and it will be granted."

Upon this, Jimuta-váhana replied; "O mighty spirit! if you are ready to grant my requests, refrain for the future from eating snakes and serpents, and give life to those you have already devoured." Hearing this, the bird flew to the palace of the Gods, and returned immediately with some of the divine nectar and sprinkled it over the dry bones. Life

returned to them again, and they appeared an innumerable number of snakes and serpents: the bird then said; "Prince, for your virtuous actions you shall again recover your kingdom and enjoy it with great prosperity for many years." Saying this, the bird retired to his own residence, and they all returned with joy to the cottage of the ex-king accompanied by Shankha-chùra.

A short time after this, all the nobles of the kingdom attended by all the blood-royal came to Jimuta-kétu, and fell at his feet imploring his forgiveness, and requesting him to return to his palace and reascend the throne of his ancestors, and condescend to reign over his repentant people.

Pausing here, the Bytál said; "Among all these persons, whose conduct was most commendable?" Vicrama replied: "Shankha-chùra's." The Bytàl rejoined; "Upon what grounds do you speak?" Vicrama replied: "Because he came a second time to give up his life to save that of the prince." The Bytál again said; "Was not the prince willing ot give up his life unasked for Shankha-chùra, then why is not his conduct to be deemed most commendable?" Vicrama replied; "No, Jimuta-vàhana was descended from the race of Kshétrí, caste a accustomed to give up life for others, therefore the prince found it no hardship; but the case was very different with Shankha-chúra."

Tale XVI.

THERE is a certain city, called Chandra-Shékhara, in which once lived a merchant by name Ratnadatta, who had a most beautiful daughter named Kumódiní. When

she had arrived at a proper age, her father went to the king and said; "Great king! I have a very beautiful daughter fit for marriage, and I am come to offer her to your highness, if you will accept of her as a wife; otherwise, I will give her to another." Hearing this, the king sent two or three old servants with the merchant to see if this girl had beauty sufficient to merit his notice.

When they arrived at the merchant's house, they were ushered into the presence of the girl: they examined her very minutely and were well pleased with her great beauty graceful smiles, and commanding deportment; her eyes were in brightness equal to those of the young antilope; her eyebrows arched like the bow of Cupid; her teeth might vie with pearls; her nose might be compared to an arrow; her neck to that of the pigeon; her hands and feet to the delicacy of the soft lotus; her face to the roundness of the full moon; the gracefulness of her motions to that of a stately swan, majestically floating upon the lakes of Himálaá; and the sweetness of her voice to that of a cuckoo; her beauty indeed was so great, that it might put to the blush the famed female attendants of Indra. Seeing her great beauty, the king's attendants began to consider thus; "If we render a faithful report of this famous beauty to our king and master, she will become the queen of his desires, he will be such an absolute slave to her beauties, that he will totally neglect the duties of a sovereign, therefore, it is better for the kingdom that we make a false report of her beauty, and say it is of a common sort." Having come to this conclusion, they returned to the king, and said: "Sire, we have strictly examined this boasted beauty, but we find in her no charms worthy the notice of majesty; therefore, it is better for your majesty at once to decline the merchant's offer." Hearing this, the king sent for the merchant and told him, he de-

clined his daughter's hand; therefore he was at liberty to dispose of her in what manner he thought proper.

Hearing this, the merchant returned to his own house, and gave her in marriage to the commander of the king's troops, and her husband took her to his own house.

One day, the king was passing through the streets with great pomp attended by all his court. The merchant's daughter having arrayed herself with costly apparel and valuable jewels, was standing near a window at her husband's ouse to see the king pass; by accident the king had a full view of her and as a necessary consequence was immediately smitten with her charms. The king said to himself: — "What fairy or Goddess is this I see before me? mortal she can never be; for her beauty is too great." Cogitating in this manner, he passed on. The courtiers, seeing him disturbed, asked him the cause of it, thinking it proceeded from some sudden pain. The king replied; "Casting my eyes at a large house, I have just observed a most beautiful woman standing at a window; but whether she is a Goddess or a mortal, I know not, my eyes met her's, and their piercing rays have darted into the innermost recesses of my heart, by which my mind has become a perfect chaos."

One of the courtiers replied: "Sire, we likewise saw this beauty, she is the merchant's daughter that you refused upon the report made by those whom you sent to ascertain if her beauty was worthy your notice or not; and she is now married to the commander of your forces." The king said; "I did send these slaves, it is true, to enquire of her beauty and they have given me a false account; but I will enquire more fully into this matter." On his return to the palace, he gave orders to have those courtiers brought,

and when they appeared, the king thus addressed them: "False slaves, why have you thus deceived me by giving an unfaithful report of the beauty of the merchant's daughter? why have you deprived me of so divine an object? Is it thus you fulfil the commands of your master? while I am toiling for your comfort and welfare, you are placing bars to my happiness; I myself have seen this lady today and find her an object worthy the notice of a God, and deserving to reign as queen of the world; for her beauty is so great, that I do not think her equal is to be found in the three worlds; how then have you dared to abuse my confidence by such base falsehoods?"

Hearing this, they said: "My liege, what you have said respecting this beauty is very true, but forgive us for the deceit we have put upon you, for we thought that if you married so great a beauty, you would neglect the affairs of your people; the company of this handsome lady would have so fascinated your highness, that all thoughts of your people's welfare would have left you; consequently, the kingdom would have gone to confusion, and all your majesty's now happy subjects would have been plunged in misery; therefore we thought it was best thus to deceive your highness, to prevent such fatal consequences." The king replied; "It is true, you have acted right according to human providence; but alas, I have now seen this fatal beauty and dare not think of her without crime, for she is the wife of another; but yet I sigh for her embraces, and my health is leaving me apace." From that day, the health of the king began to droop, and he neglected all the affairs of the kingdom, bewailing in secret his unhappy destiny. This unhappy state of the king soon came to the ears of the commander of the forces, (the husband of the merchant's daughter,) and he presented himself before the king with

uplifted hands, and said; "O lord of the whole earth! I am your slave, and my wife is of course your maid-servant; therefore for your majesty to suffer pain on her account is by no means good; let your highness order her to be immediately brought into your presence and do with her what your please." The king greatly enraged, said; "Presumptuous man, how dare you speak thus to me? think you I can ever be so base as to take another man's wife? is a woman like a lump of clay, that can be thrown away by one and picked up by another. If I, your king, act thus, what will you my subjects?" The commander replied; "Sire, my wife is my slave, but when I offer her your highness, she is no more mine, but yours." The king replied; "Such sinful actions I will never commit; I will never expose myself to the scorn of others by the baseness of my actions." The commander replied: "Well, your highness, I will send her from my house and force her to become a public harlot, and then I will bring her to your majesty." The king replied; "If you act thus with your beautiful wife, your punishment shall be death." Saying this, the king retired and in the course of ten days breathed his last through excess of grief, the victim of unlawful passion. The commander of the forces upon hearing this, went to his Guru or spiritual guide, and said: "My king and master is now dead through his fatal attachment to my wife, give advice now how to act in this affair." The Guru replied: "It is the duty of a servant to devote his life for his master." Hearing this, he sent a trusty servant to the funeral pile of the king, and after performing the proper worship, he followed him to the same place, and having offered his adorations to the sun, said: "O sun! I am now about to give up my life for my master and king, that I may preserve him from the misery of passing through many births; I am now going to join his soul in the upper world, that I may there tell of his good

actions, and by that means, if possible, preserve him from another transmigration." Saying this, in the presence of all the people, he threw himself upon the pile, and was consumed with the dead body of the king. This soon coming to the ears of his wife, she said to the priest: "What is now left for me to do?" The priest replied; "She who always respects the commands of her parents, is considered an obedient and dutiful daughter; but she who is unfaithful to her husband, accelerates his death and will at last herself sink into perdition; she who adores her husband, will obtain salvation; if she performs a real Sutí. Chastity is or ought to be the cause of a Suti; a real chaste wife will not survive her husband; by doing so she is exposed to many temptations; but by performing the Suti, she preserves her chastity and saves both her own and her husband's soul from further transmigration." Hearing this, she retired to her closet, and performing all the requisite religious ceremonies, hastened to the funeral pile, and said;— "O my lord and husband! I am your chaste and faithful wife, and will ever remain so." Saying these words, she leaped into the fire and was consumed with her husband.

Here the Bytàl paused and said; "Which of these individuals displayed most virtue?" Vicrama replied; "The king." "On what grounds?" inquiredthe Bytál. He replied; "The general had given his wife to the king, therefore had no further claim on her, and it is the duty of a faithful servant to die for his master, if required; in regard to the wife, she was bound as a chaste and virtuous woman to perform the Suti at the death of her husband; but the king had none of those duties incumbent upon him: he died for the love of virtue only; therefore the prize must be given to him."

Hearing this, the Bytàl disappeared.

Tale XVII.

In the city of Ojjana, once lived a king named Mahà-séna, in which land, resided a Brahmin by name Déva-swarma, who had a son, greatly addicted to gambling, by the name of Gunàkara. This youth continued his gambling propensities so long, that he quite exhausted his father's patience, who finding himself nearly ruined by this detestable vice of his son, one day in a fit of rage turned him out of doors. He finding himself helpless left the place, and travelled into other countries. After travelling many days, being greatly exhausted by hunger and thirst. he observed one day a Yógí seated under a tree, with a fire burning before him, as is their custom; saluting the Yógì he sat himself down near the tree; when the Yògi asked him, if he would have something to eat. He replied; "Yes, sir, with much pleasure, if you will give me; for I am very hungry." The Yógì then produced some eatables from a human skull and gave him to eat; but he refused to partake of them, saying; "I cannot eat food from such dishes." When the Yógì found he would not eat, he smiled and pronounced a few words, when a female fairy appeared and stood before the Yògí with joined hands, and said; "O sir! what are your commands to me? I am ready to obey all your orders." The Yógì said; "Prepare some victuals for this Brahmin agreeable to his taste and that immediately." Hearing this, she waved her hand three times and a beautiful pavilion appeared, well furnished and provided with refreshments of every kind.

The fairy took hold of the Brahmin's hand and led him in-

to the pavilion, placing before him many golden salvers of delicious sweetmeats; and he began to eat with a very good appetite: when he was done, she presented him with betel, and afterwards sprinkled him with rose-water, and threw delightful perfumes over his body, gave him handsome clothes to wear, scented with fine essences, put a wreath of flowers upon his head, and placed a couch for him to recline upon. After performing these different acts of hospitality, the fairy seated herself on the same couch with him, and the Brahmin spent the night with her with great delight. When day-light appeared, the fairy disappeared and likewise every thing she had formed by fairy art.

Seeing this, the young Brahmin went to the Yógi, and said: "The beautiful companion and the delightful accommodations you gave me yesterday have disappeared this morning, and gone I know not where." The Yógi replied; "He only that is acquainted with this divine art, can enjoy this pleasure, and the company of this beautiful fairy constantly by the power of that art; at my command she appeared and at my command disappeared." The Brahmin replied; "O powerful man! be pleased to teach me this art, that I may practise it and indulge in such delightful pleasures." He replied: "I am willing to do so, if you are willing to pass through the initiatory ceremonies, by which only you can attain this art." Having agreeed to undergo these ceremonies, the Yògí taught him first a certain form of words or incantation, to repeat for forty days sitting in water. This he performed for the space of forty days in the manner prescribed by the Yógi, during which time, he witnessed many fearful sights, the genii doing every thing in their power to terrify him but in vain; he remained firmly bent on his purpose, depending fully upon his incantation for protection. When the appointed

time had elapsed, he returned again to the Yògì, and said: "Sir, I have done according to your commands, what am I next to do to obtain my desires?" He replied: "You must perform certain other ceremonies sitting upon fire for forty days." Hearing this, he said; "Let me first go and take leave of my father and mother, my wife and friends, then I will perform this ceremony also." Saying this, he took leave of the Yògí, and returned to his house; when his relations and friends saw him, they embraced him with great joy and his father said; "Well, son, where have you been so long a time, or why did you leave the house at all? It is said, he that forsakes a virtuous wife and gives pain to an amiable and youthful female that loves him, is worse than a Chandál (the lowest caste of Hindus.) It is also said, there is no virtue equal to domestic virtue; and there is no pleasure equal to living happy in the bosom of one's family; he that disobeys his parents is a vile son." The son replied: "This body is composed of flesh and blood, and is destined to become fuel for the flames, and the food of worms, for from each we came and to each we must return; he that pays no regard to the cleanliness of his body, causes bad smells to issue from it; therefore he who cares not for those things is an ignorant man; but he who cares for them is a sage. Again we may say, it is the nature of the soul to take many births, and die in each, what hope is there then in such a perishable substance? for the more you make it clean, the more it becomes dirty; it is like cleansing a dirty pot outwardly only; you may wash a charcoal for ever, but it will never become white; and the body is like a filthy lake, that becomes pure by the purification of the water only; it is the ordinance of nature, that many fathers, mothers, children and friends, should be born and die continually; for we cannot live long in one body: he that performs his oblations in fire

is adored like a god. and he possesses every reasonable faculty to worship in perfection. Devotees live in their cottages for shew, their real place of residence is in a much better place; therefore, I have no wish to live amidst the haunts of men; but am anxious to accomplish my devotions in forests and wild places." Saying these words, he took leave of all his friends and relations, and returned again to the Yógí, and performed the prescribed incantations in the fire for forty days. To his great surprise however, the fairy did not appear to proffer him homage over the four elements and the powers of nature. Upon this, he went again to the person, and said; "How is it that my incantations have not succeeded? The genii heed not my call." Pausing the Bytál said; " O king! how was it that superior learning could not be obtained by the young Brahmin?" King Vikrama replied: " The Brahmin was of two minds, or he would have gained his desires; this knowledge can never be obtained by him who is of a doubtful mind, and he that is such, can never succeed in great undertakings; he that avoids truth possesses but little shame; he that is impure cannot be fortunate; and he that has no virtue cannot be acceptable to the deity." The Bytál replied; " How can he who is intent upon a certain duty, let that duty be what it will, be of a doubtful mind." The king replied: " The Yógí did not approve of the Brahmin in question, for, when once a man puts his hand to the plough, he ought never to go back. The Brahmin by desiring to take leave of his family before he performed the last part of the ceremonies, because there appeared some danger in them, proved that he was of a doubtful and fearful mind, for he was engaged in a work of duty that ought to have superseded every other, if he wished to obtain the knowledge of that sublime science: could he have done every thing with a firm heart, thinking of nothing else, no doubt he would have succeeded, his failure

was on account of his vices, therefore it was not his destiny to obtain this superior knowledge."

Hearing this, the Bytàl disappeared.

Tale XVIII.

THERE is a country called Kambalapúra, which was at one time under the sway of a ruler named Sudakshì. Dhanakshi was a merchant of that country, who had a daughter named Dhana-vatî. When she arrived at proper age, her father gave her in marriage to Guna-datta, a man of his own profession. The period of her connubial felicity was brief; for, shortly after she was delivered of a daughter, that was named Mòhiní, she lost her husband, and his brothers and relations defrauded her of all the property, against which, being alone and helpless, she had no remedy.

One dark night she left her house unattended, with an intention of going to her parents, and asking their advice in this matter of her late husband's property; but missing her way, she fell in with a cemetery, where she saw a robber undergoing the punishment of impalement alive. Her hands accidentally touched his feet, on which he cried: "Who art thou that thus givest pain to a man suffering a cruel death?" She replied: "Forgive me, for I have unknowingly touched you; I would willingly relieve, but not add to your pain." He replied; "It was not a human being that gave me this pain, for it was the will of God, it should be so; whoever thinks that I have been guilty of the evil actions for which I now suffer, is not a man but a demon: kings have power to put to death whom they please, but still it is not they that condemn to death, but God ordains it should

be so: for whatever man thinks, God leads him to do in his own way." Dhana-vati inquired who he was. He replied: "I am a robber, condemned to die this cruel death, and it is now three days that I have been in this condition, and my life departs from me not." On her expressing a desire to know the cause, he replied: "I am a widower, give me your daughter in marriage, and I will give you a million of gold mohurs." It is well known, that the root of all evil is covetousness; bad temperament of body is the root of all disorder, and sorrow is the root of love; he that is free from these three evils lives in happinefs; but alas! who is thus free? Dhana-vati being covetous agreed to give her daughter in marriage to the robber, wishing him prosperity and a child to bear his name; at the same time, smilingly said, she saw no possibility of these things being accomplished. The robber said: "When your daughter is of a proper age, give her to a beautiful young Brahmin, that by certain signs will be made known to you, and with her 500 gold mohurs, and the desires of all will be accomplished." Hearing this, Dhana-vatí made several circuits round the impaled man in token that she agreed to his proposal. "Now go," said the robber, "and take the money, you will find it under yonder tree on digging for it; use it according to your pleasure, for it is all your own." Saying this, the robber expired.

She proceeded to the tree, and taking a few gold mohurs from the store, departed for the house of her parents, related to them every circumstance, and brought them to the spot; on which they erected a large and magnificent house, and took up their residence in it along with their daughter and her child. When Môhini had arrived at full age, she one day, accompanied by a female friend, went to bathe in an open tank, where a young Brahmin happened to be

reclining near the spot. When Mohini saw him, she said to her female friend: " Take this youth to my mother." She did so, and the moment the mother saw the young Brahmin, she said; " O Brahmin ! my daughter is just in the bloom of youth, if you wish to live with her take her, she is yours only, and I will give you a considerable sum in gold also." The Brahmin said: " I am very willing indeed, I shall be happy to live with such a beauty." While they were discoursing thus, the shades of evening came on, and she placed before the Brahmin evey kind of eatables and drinkables according to his own taste and desire; and he eat of them heartily. It is well known, that enjoyment is of eight sorts, viz. 1st. " A young and beautiful wife; 2d. smelling scented substances; 3d. singing; 4th. good eating; 5th. good drinking; 6th. a good bed; 7th. wearing gold and silver cloths; and lastly, costly ornaments. All these were presented to the view of the Brahmin, and offered for his acceptance in the house of Móhini. After passing a quarter of the night in eating, drinking and conversation; he retired to the bed chamber, and spent the remainder of the time with great delight in the arms of Môhini. At day break, he departed to his own house. Mòhini happening to visit some of her female friends, one of them asked her, what she had done during the night, and what was the pleasure she enjoyed. She replied; " When I was first left alone with this Brahmin, I felt a strauge sensation rising in my mind, I began to tremble and my heart beat violently; but still I felt no kind of fear, it was quite a different sensation: but when he took hold of my hand with a smiling countenance, and pressed it fervently, I fainted in his arms with delight, what past after I know not, all appeared to me like a dream, but it was a dream of delight; from which I am sorry I ever awoke, but I did awake and the pleasure was no more. A renowned and brave husband without ambition; a cunning master without avarice; a female friend

without selfishness; a learned man without pride; and a disinterested defender of a wife; are things that are not to be found in this or the other world."

In a short time, she found herself pregnant, and in due time was safely delivered of a beautiful little boy. When the child was about six days old, the mother dreamed, that a certain devotee came to her of a most horrible appearance; for his head was covered with long hair and his body with ashes; across his shoulder was slung the sacred thread; his loins were girt with living snakes perfectly white; around his neck was suspended a garland composed of sculls; in one hand he held a human scull, and in the other a trident: this dreadful looking object told her to take the child to the river side, and leave it there shut up in a box and to place by the side of the child a bag containing 1000 gold mohurs.

Upon this, the devotee disappeared, threatening her with death, if she dared to disobey his orders. With the fright she awoke, and ran to her mother and told her this frightful dream. The mother, on a brief consideration of the matter, determined to act agreeably to it. The same night the king of the country was rolling and tossing upon his couch; as soon as he fell asleep, he dreamed that the goddess with ten hands and five heads, each head having three moon-like faces and three eyes, and large teeth, appeared before him, and said; "O king! the son of a virgin is now lying at your door shut up in a box: this is a present designed by the fates for you, who have no children, adopt him as your own; he will reign over your kingdom with great renown and prosperity." Upon this the king awoke, and related to the queen every thing he had heard and seen in his dream; and they proceeded to the garden together, and there, as they had been led to expect, found a long box at the gate.

they ordered one of the guards to bring it into the palace, and opening it, they found therein a beautiful little boy and a bag containing 1000 gold mohurs. The king took the child and laid it upon the bosom of the queen, who immediately adopted it as her own. By this time, the dawn appeared, and the king proceeded to the *Durbàr* with the child, and ordered all the astrologers and learned men to assemble immediately to see the child and determined what good omens could be deduced from his appearance. One of the Panditas, well skilled in the science of physiognomy, said; "The three most prominent tokens of greatness are to be seen in his bust, viz. broad chest, large forehead, and a noble countenance. The thirty two good omens that are written in the holy Védas are also found about him, therefore he is certainly born to be a king."

The king was overjoyed at these words, and taking a valuable pearl necklace from his person, presented it to that learned Brahmin, and likewise bestowed great riches upon the other Panditas and Brahmins and learned astrologers; and at the same time, ordered them to give a name to the child. The Panditas said: "Great king! first dress yourself and request the queen to be present also richly dressed with the child in her lap; let the bards then pronounce blessings upon the heads of your majesties, and we will consult about the child's name." The king gave orders accordingly, and commanded the royal Diwán to see every thing properly done. It was then proclaimed throughout the king's dominions by beating of drums and sounding of trumpets that the king had a son. Hearing this proclamation, the bards assembled together at the royal palace, and pronounced all the blessings ordered by the *Shàstras* on this happy occasion, amidst the performance of all kinds of music.

The king appeared in proper time in the *Durbár*, acompanied by his beautiful queen bearing the child in her arms, and attended by a great number of female attendants most splendidly dressed. The Brahmins immediately began to read the Védas (or sacred books) and one of the Panditas calculating upon the auspicious hour and moment, gave the boy's name Héranya-datta. This was immediately proclaimed throughout the city by beat of drum and sound of trumpet; and rejoicings were held in all parts of the empire. From this time, the little foundling by the care and attention of the queen became a fine and healthy child, and at a proper time, was placed under the care of the most learned Panditas. At the age of 16 years he became renowned for his learning and great attainments, for he read the six *shàstras* and sixteen classes of learning with the greatest facility, and understood every thing perfectly. On arriving at mature years he lost both his adopted parents; but being greatly beloved, he was chosen king without opposition and began to rule with great prudence and virtue, and the kingdom flourished more than ever: after some years, the young king began to think of what use he had been to those who gave him birth; for it is said, "That he who is endowed with a sympathetic heart, will do good to others, and he who acts wisely will go to heaven; but he who is without proper sympathy, will benefit nothing by his other religious duties." Thus he was led to think of doing some thing for his parents. Accordingly in a few days, he prceeded to Gayá and having reached the banks of the Phalgu river, began to offer cakes to his parents when three pairs of hands were seen by the king. In this confusion he knew not what to do, or in whose hands to give the offering cakes.

Pausing, the Bytàl said: "O king Vicramá! to whom ought the cakes to be given?" The king replied, "To the

robber." "Upon what grounds do you speak?" said the Bytàl. "Why he was sold to the king at 1000 gold mohurs given for his support; therefore his real parents had no right to the cakes, it was to the robber, the original cause of all, that the offering cakes ought to be given."

Tale XIX.

THERE is a country in Hindostàn called Chitrakóta, it was once governed by a king named Rúpa-datta. One day, the king went out alone upon a hunting excursion, and having entered a large forest, he all at once found himself opposite a large and beautiful tank covered with the soft and delicate lotus, which being gently urged by the wind, sent forth a delightful murmuring sound. The air was perfumed by the refreshing breezes of the forest, every light gust bringing ambrosial perfumes from the various flowers and shrubs that surrounded this charming spot. The king being struck with the beauties of the place and weary through his long ride, alighted from his fairy courser, and ungirting the saddle, sat himself on the ground under the shade of a tree, contemplating those delightful works of nature by which he was surrounded.

Towards the cool of the evening, a beautiful damsel, the daughter of a hermit dwelling near the spot, came to gather flowers. The king seeing her gentle manners and graceful carriage, conceived a violent passion for her, for Cupid had pierced him with one of his keenest shafts. When she was leaving the place to return home, the king said to her, "O fairest of the fair, what kind of religi-

ous duty is this, that seeing a weary traveller you deign not to notice him ?" Hearing this, she stood still, the king then said; " It is said, that if an ignoble man come to the house of the great, he is honored by him, and should even a robber, a worthless character, an enemy or the slayer of a father come to a house as a traveller, he is to be treated with respect, for the rights of hospitality are always held sacred." While the king spoke, she stood right before him, and theire eyes met each other. In a short time after, before they could recover from their confusion, the hermit, her father, arrived at the same spot. The king seeing him, saluted him with great reverence, and the hermit returned him many blessings wishing him a long and prosperous life. He then asked the prince the reason of his coming to this retired spot. He replied; " Mighty king ! I came here for the purpose of hunting." The hermit replied, " Why do you commit so sinful an action? It is said, that whoever commits a sinful action, must be answerable for it in the next world." The king said, " Sir, be pleased to shew me the difference between a sinful and a virtious action." The hermit then replied. " Harken to me, O king ! and I will shew you what you ought to do. To kill a creature that lives upon water and grass, is a most sinful action; but he that feeds it, acts most virtuously; he that gives protection to a refugee reaps virtuous fruits. It is also said that forbearance to an enemy is one of the greatest of virtues. There is no pleasure equal to true friendship; sympathy for others is also a great virtue; he that is cautious, and he that boasts not of his wealth, virtue, learning, renown, or ruling power, and he that is contented with his lawful wife, and is a speaker of truth, obtains salvation; he that wishes to destroy the chastity of another man's wife, and he that debauches a king's daugter, or his own daughter, or wishes to enjoy a woman eight or nine

months gone with child, sinks to the lowest pit of hell." Hearing this, the king said; "O Sir! what I have done is done, therefore to repine for it is folly; but for the future, I will refrain from taking the life of any creature." The king's words gave great pleasure to the hermit, and he said: "Ah king! I am highly pleased that you have so well comprehended my lessons, therefore ask of me what you will, and I will grant it." The king replied, "If you are pleased with me, grant me then your lovely daughter in marriage." The hermit said; "Your request is granted." He immediately gave her in marriage to the king, and retired to his own abode: while the king and his newly married wife went towards his own palace, but evening overtook them in the midst of a forest, on which the moon shone brightly. The pair halted at the foot of a large tree and spreading the saddle cloth upon the ground, fell asleep in each other's arms. At about midnight an evil spirit came to the spot, and awoke the king, and said: "Oh king! I am seeking for prey, therefore I intend immediately to devour your young wife." The king replied; "O genius! do not commit this cruel act, ask of me any thing else, and I will freely give it." The genius replied, "If you will promise to sacrifice a young child of seven years of age with your own hand, I will spare your young wife; but to no other terms will I agree." The king consented, and said; "If you will come to my palace on the seventh th day from this, I will sacrifice a young boy of that age for your food.

Upon this the genius disappeared, bidding him beware of failure in his promise. The queen shortly after this awoke, and they proceeded on their journey and reached the place without any further adventure. The king continued his journey and arrived in safety at his own palace. At day break, the royal officers, headed by the grand Viziar, appeared before

the king and presented their respective *nuzurs* after the *Durbar* had closed. The king informed the grand Viziar of every circumstance, lamenting the unhappy destiny that awaited his queen, if he could not procure a young boy to satisfy the genius's appetite. The grand Viziar condoled him, and said; "The Almighty will in some way work your deliverance; therefore mourn not." Upon this, he left the king, and immediately ordered an image of a child of seven years to be made of solid gold, and having covered it with costly jewels, placed it in a part of the city where many cross roads met, and gave directions to the guards to say to every one that came to see it, that if any one would give his own son of that age to the evil genius, he should receive the golden image in return with all its ornaments. On the third day, an old palsied Brahmin said to his wife: "If we give one of our sons to the evil genius we may get this image of gold." The wife hearing this, said, "I can not give my youngest son." "Nor will I give the eldest," said the Brahminí." The second son then immediately rose up, and said; "I am ready, my dear parents, to give my life in the king's service that you may obtain this image of gold." The Brahmin replied: "Be it so, my son," and added, "Wealth is the chief thing in this world; he that is in possession of wealth can command everypleasure; but to him that is poor, his life is a burthen." The Brahmin then took his son to the officer who had the charge of the image and delivered him to his care as a sacrifice for the queen, and received in return the image of gold covered with costly jewels.

The boy was then carried to the grand Viziar, and at the appointed time the evil genius appeared, and the king made fumigations to him of sandal, oak leaves, rosin, and a lighted lamp, and presented offerings of fruit, butter, cloth, and calling the boy took the sword in his hand

with a threatening aspect; at this moment the boy laughed, and the king instantly severed his head from his body. It was the true saying of a sage, "That woman is a mine of misery in this world, who discourages the brave and increases pity. Women cause stupefacation, and incite evil actions, none therefore can speak good of them, for they are the root of all evil. It is also added, wealth is preserved to save calamity, a wife to please by wealth; and life preserved by both wealth and wife."

Pausing, the Bytàl said, "O king Vicrama! what was the cause that the boy laughed?" The king replied, "The boy thought that my mother brought me into life, and now my life is given up to serve my father and preserve the life of the queen. These are the maxims of the world: My parents did not deliver me up out of a noble generosity of spirit; but for the insatiable desire of riches. This was the reason why he laughed."

Tale XX.

THERE once lived in the city of Visálapúra a king named Vipulèshwara, where resided a merchant by name Artha-datta, who had a most beautiful daughter named Ananga mangarì. At a proper age, the merchant gave her in marriage to another merchant, a native of Kavalapúra, whose name was Munnì. Some time after, this merchant thought of taking a voyage to a distant part, where, as he heard, he could obtain a good profit upon the merchandize he dealt in. Having takin leave of his wife, he proceeded on his journey. After his departure, his young

wife being devoured by melancholy, took a delight in viewing the passengers from a very conspicuous balcony of the private apartment of the house; and being in the full bloom of youth and beauty, she gained the admiration of many. It happened one day, that the son of a Brahmin Kamalákara by name, came that way, and carlessly casting his eyes about, saw this beauty leaning over the balcony; their eyes met, and they fell desperately in love with each other. One day, parting reluctantly from the spot he met a youthful friend of his, and being distracted in mind related every thing to him, for he was his bosom friend. When he returned to his house quite overpowered by the pangs of love, his friends began to comfort him, and seeing him ready to faint, threw rose-water over his face, and gave him to smell sweet scented essence.

While the young Bramin was thus lamenting his unhappy passion, the fair object of his love was in no better state: she exclaimed; "O Káma-déva, (Cupid) if you have been burnt by the fire of Mahà-déva, why do you still shew your vengence upon feeble mortals, to whom you are continually giving such pangs. Dreadful are the pains you are daily inflicting upon the sons and daughters of men by wounding them with your fatal shafts?" Amidst such lamentations, the shades of evening came on, and the moon breaking from behind a cloud, shone with splendor upon her countenance, it being then just at the full. Seeing it, she began thus to address it;—"O thou beautiful and bright moon! whose cooling beams now shine npon my burning heart, all creation is pleased with your brightness; but your bright beams rend my very heart-strings; therefore, my friend, take me to some distant apartment far from its deceitful brightness." Her attendants complied with her request, and said, "Honored mistress, do you not feel some sense of shame, in speaking such words?" She replied,

"My friends, I know all you can say or think upon the subject, but the fire of love is burning in my heart and nothing but the object of my desires can cool it: this house appears a frightful desert, and all who are around me like beasts of prey." On this, her chief favorite replied; "My sister, be firm in your mind and hide this secret in your own bosom till my return, and I will find some means to give you ease." Saying this, she retired, but this love-sick damsel was completely orerpowered by this burning flame, and seeing no hopes of her desires being satisfied came to the resolution of destroying herself; for to live in this pain, thought she, is worse than a thousand deaths. Upon this, taking a favorable opportunity she hung herself in one of the apartments; but being seen by one of her attendants, many soon came to her rescue, among them her favorite, who with some trouble cut the rope, and snatched her from the jaws of death. That young woman said; "My sister, why do you act thus? can death give any relief to your pain? by living you may enjoy the felicity you seek after, but by dying you lose all." She replied; "It is better to die than to live in such torments, life is a burthen to me, I cannot endure such burning pain; my brain is on fire, and reason is tottering." The favorite replied, "Be patient for a little time, for time must be given to accomplish all things; I am going now in search of your lover, and doubt not but I will soon bring him to your presence." Saying this, she left her, and went to the house of the Brahmin, and there she beheld him in a similar state to that of her mistress: his friend was rubbing him with sandal and bathing him with rose-water to allay the fire of his brain, he was eating the soft leaves of the plaintain, and bitterly lamenting his unhappy destiny. In this state of temporary madness, he was crying out continually for

poison to drink that he might be freed from all his pains. The favorite seeing all these circumstances, thought within herself thus—" Ah, this love is a fatal thing, and when it is unlawful more fatal. The brave are victims to it, and even hermits, whose chief virtue ought to be forbearance, are subject to its power and very frequently feel its sting, even to distraction." After this, she appeared before this distracted lover, and said: " The object of your love and desire is pining away for your presence, and nothing will save her life; but the enjoyment of your company." To which he replied; " This may more suitably be said of me, for my life is ebbing apace." Upon this, he rose up and the confidante and he went together: when they arrived at the house of his mistress, they found this unhappy victim of love was no more, for she had breathed her last during her favorite's absence being unable to restrain her fiery inclinations: the young Brahmin seeing the object of his love in this state, looked at her for a moment and then fell lifeless at her feet. On this, the household with great lamentations took them to the cemetery and prepared the funeral pile. It so happened that the husband at this moment arrived from his voyage, and was amazed at what he saw and heard—his lawful wife burning on the funeral pile with her gallant, both being the victims of unlawful love, and said aloud; " Of what use is it for me to live? all I held most dear is gone from me, therefore to die is now my only remedy." So saying, he threw himself on the pile, and was consumed with the dead bodies.

When the news of these events reached the city, the inhabitants were struck with great sorrow and amazement, and said; " Our eyes have not seen, nor have we heard with our ears of so wonderful a circumstance before."

Here the Bytàl paused, and said; " O king Vicrama!

who shewed the most love among these three?" The king replied; "The husband." The Bytál inquiring his reasons for being of that opinion, he replied; "Although the merchant saw that his wife had died for the love of another, and that the gallant was also dead with her; yet his love was not extinguished, for he wished not to survive his beloved wife, therefore he threw himself upon the funeral pile, and was burnt with her dead body."

Upon this, the Bytál disappeared.

Tale XXI.

In the kingdom of Yagys-thala, there once lived a Brahmin who had four sons; the first was a great gambler, the second a lover of women, the third a perfect master of evil, and the last an atheist. One day, the Brahmin, their father, called them together, and admonished them in the following manner: "Whoever is a gambler loses both health and wealth; it is said in the books of law, that gambling is the root of all evil; a gambler can never be trusted, for how can it be supposed that he who takes no care of his own, will take care of the property of others. A gambler ought not to be allowed to live with his family, he ought to be banished to a distant land far from home and friends. Should he have a child, it cannot be called his own; true it is born into his family, but no one knows the hour he may lose him in play. He that is entangled with harlots brings trouble upon his shoulders and that of no common sort, for by the craftiness of women thousands have been enticed to their ruin; therefore the wise and the learned live far from them; but the ignorant and the foolish make them the chief pleasure of their soul; and therefore renounce

virtue, fame, and religion, and lose all regard for their spritual guide; and he that is lost to shame pays no regard to the opinion of others. This is exemplified in the cat, which after enduring the pains of bringing forth her young, frequently devours them; how then can she ever lose sight of the mouse? He that learns not in the time of youth, may look in vain to his beauty; he that in his youth labors not for the attainment of knowledge, bitterly laments his folly when covered with grey hairs, and envies the riches and attainments of others." Hearing this grave lecture, the sons began to ponder within themselves, and said to each other; "It is better for us to die, than to continue in this state of ignorance; therefore it will be prudent in us to leave our father's house for a time, and travel to foreign countries, that we may obtain both knowledge and riches." Accordingly, they all took leave of their parents and set out on their travels in pursuit of knowledge."

Having in the course of seven years become accomplished in many arts and sciences, they all agreed to return to the house of their parents. Passing through a forest on their way, they overtook a hump-backed man carrying the bones of a tiger tied up in a piece of cloth. "Now is the time," said they one to another," to prove our learning." And having purchased from the man the bones, and opening them in a corner of the road, they put them in a heap and the first pronouncing some words over them, and sprinkling a little water upon it, they immediately joined together forming a perfect skeleton of a tiger; the second by pronouncing another charm covered the bones with flesh; the third by a similar charm covered the flesh with a fine skin; and the fourth by uttering a more powerful charm gave life to this magic-formed tiger, who no sooner came to life than he devoured them.

Here the Bytál inquired which of the four brothers was most censurable? The king said; "He that gave life; for," continued he, "learning is nothing without prudence and good sense. Ignorance compared with it is rather commendable; for the ignorant lives and dies without danger to himself or others."

Upon this, the Bytál disappeared.

Tale XXII.

In the country of Vishàpúra lived a Brahmin, who was acquainted with many of the secrets of nature and the occult sciences. Being very old and decrepit, he said one day to himself: "I am acquainted with many secret arts, among them is one, that will change this old and decrepit body into one possessed of youth, health, vigour, and beauty; therefore, how foolish is it for me to remain in this helpless state, when youthful enjoyments and every felicity are within my reach!" Upon this, he retired to a private place, and began to work the requisite charms; but during the experiment he first began to weep and then to laugh. When he arrived home, his relations seeing his youthful appearance knew he had been exercising some of his secrets; but fearing his power, they prudently forbore questioning him upon the subject, and so came to him with great humility, upon which he said to them; "It is my intention to become a hermit, for the rivulet of hope is greatly swelled by the piercing beams of devotion; and he that is firm in his faith and devotion, not turning to the right hand or to the left is a true and faithful devotee. It is the nature of man, that even when he becomes old, his teeth decayed and falling out, his head shaking with palsy and

his body so decrepit, that he cannot move without a stick, still he is overcome with anxieties for the future. No man knows what he is compounded of, and he lives and dies with all his learning, an ignorant man. Day dawns, and night appears; thus days, nights, months, and years pass away, and old age creeps upon him, he knows not how, nor is it known how or where he is nourished after death; but it is the will of God, that one goes and another comes: but none will remain after the great destruction; therefore he who forsakes all worldly ties obtains salvation: to such a man the world is a mere dream; its pleasures and its pains are to him of no consequence: to him, it is like a plantain tree, it produces fruit, but it is of no real substance; he that boasts of his learning, youth, or wealth, is worse than a fool; he that being a devotee, associates with women, destroys his future bliss for ever." He concluded this discourse by saying; "I shall bid you farewell, and proceed on my pilgrimage." And this resolution he fulfilled to the great joy of his relations.

The Bytál here paused to inquire; "Why did this old Brahmin cry and laugh while he was performing this magic ceremony?" The king repled; "When he recollected all the follies of his past years, and the state of ignorance he was in at that time, he cried; and when he considered that he had the power of again enjoying the pleasures of youth without falling into its follies through the great knowledge he had obtained, he laughed."

Upon this, the Bytál disppeared.

Tale XXIII.

In the city of Dharmapùra which was governed by a

king named Dharmaji, there lived a Brahmin who was one of the most learned men of his time, being perfect master of the four Védas, and the six classes of Shástras and withal very devout and religious. This Brahmin had four sons, named Hari-datta, Shome-datta, Yagya-datta, and Brahma-datta; all of whom were very skilful and learned in many sicences, likewise models of obedience to their parents. It happened that Hari-datta, the eldest son died, which caused great grief to the father, who indeed became quite exhausted by the force of his lamentations.

Hearing the melancholy news, the priest Vishnu-shwarmà by name, came to him on a visit of condolence from the court of the king, and began to condole him in the best manner he was able, saying: "From the hour of man's birth to that of his death, his life is a series of troubles; when he is brought into the world, it is with pain and trouble; in infancy and childhood he is exposed to great dangers; he is brought up with care and trouble, frequently accompanied with sickness. Independent of the various disorders incident to infancy and childhood, when he grows up into youth, troubles of another sort surround him; and he is exposed to great temptations by the God of love, for love is a dangerous and vicious passion; women in general prove false, for though a man lavishes his all upon them, they forsake him. In old age he is likewise equally troubled, for then he is subject to innumerable troubles and mortifications attendant upon old age, among which very likely disobedient children. Thus in all stages he is unhappy. In short, this world is full of trouble, pains are abundent, but pleasures are very few, for this world is the root and foundation stone of all evil; and to crown all none can escape death, even if concealed in trees, the bowels of the earth, the summits of mountains, the deep waters of

the ocean, or a cage of irou, all men are subject to the power of this mighty conqueror. The learned and the unlearned; the rich and the poor; the grave and the gay; the king and the beggar; the bond and the free; the young and the old; the strong and the weak; the giant and the dwarf; the despotic governor and the lowly peasant; the tyrant king and the abject slave; the philosopher and the ignorant man; the spendthrift and the miser; the careful and the careless; the prudent and the imprudent; all are subject to death: none can escape, all must become victims to this king of terrors. In this world is now to be found only men of many minds, for this is the age of deceit and falsehood; no person can be found that in *all things* speaks the truth; men live by rapine and plunder; kings are spoilers of countries and cities; the soil even is become barren, it yields not a third of what it did in former ages. It repays not the labour of the husbandman, and very few are there that live a life of piety and devotion; kings and rulers are cruel and tyrannical; Brahmins are covetous; people are given up to deceit, and think only of over-reaching each other; wives are loose in their morals, and lost to all sense of shame; sons talk ill of their parents; friends are only friends of the mouth, to serve their own ends they contract friendships, and when that end is served, friendship is no more; distant and cool behaviour on one or both sides, is the commencement, at last open enmity, which ends very frequently with the ruin even of both. Look at Abhimanya who had for his uncle Krishna and his father Arjuna, even he could not escape the hands of Yama, the grim king. When a person dies the Goddess of fortune remains in his house, she follows him not, it is only his actions, be they good or bad that follow him; none go with him, his kinsmen follow him to the funeral pile, and there they leave him. Behold the night, it comes and goes, and day appears, the moon

rises and sets again, so it is with man; first infancy, then childhood, then youth, then ripened manhood, and then old age. In all stages we are the creatures of God; man, being gifted with reason, knows there is a God, but still he lives as if he thought there was none. In the golden age, the king Mànadhàta was the most renowned, for his fame was spread throughout the three worlds; in the silver age, the king Yudhistra, whose good policy in government is yet the theme of every tongue: still both are dead; with all their power and wisdom they could not preserve their lives beyond a certain time; and even the genii and those that live in water, although their years are many, still become the victims of death. All are likewise subject to pain and pleasure; consequently, to mourn for that which is without remedy is the height of folly. It is better then to avoid thinking of such things, and devote one's life to religious services." When Vishnusharmá had finished this admonition, the Brahmin, his friend, forbore any longer to repine and was determined to devote the remainder of his days to the strict services of devotion; for this purpose he called his sons and told them to go, and get him a sea turtle, that he might perform a certain preparatory sacrifice. The sons receiving this order went directly to a fisherman and threw him a rupee, saying; "Take this, and give a turtle." Having obtained it, the eldest told the second to take it, and the second told the youngest to take it; but he said; "I shall not touch it, for it will defile my hands, my talent is to discern the delicate taste of food." The second said; "I have only delight in fine women." And the eldest said; "I am only a judge of good and soft beds. The smallest matter will prevent my sleep." In this way they quarrelled with one another, each extolling his particular abilities; but none offered to touch the turtle. Leaving it there, they all went to the palace of the king, and meeting the porter, said; "Go and

tell the king, that three Brahmins are waiting without for justice." The porter having reported this to the king, he ordered them to be admitted, and asked what was the cause of their dispute. The youngest said; "I am a judge of good victuals." The second said; "I am an excellent judge of the fair sex." The eldest said; "Please your highness, I am an excellent judge of good beds." The king hearing this, gave orders to put their respective qualifications to the proof. The king first sent for his chief cook, and ordered him to prepare delicious food for the one who was a judge of good eating: when the victuals were prepared, they were brought up in silver salvers and laid before him. Having put a morsel in his mouth, he found a bad smell, and therefore left off eating; and having washed his hands, he went to the king, who on seeing him asked, if he had enjoyed the meal he had ordered to be prepared for him and if he had eat with relish. He answered; "My liege, I found some bad smell in the boiled rice, therefore I partook of nothing." The king said; "How is this? what bad smell could the rice have? I can answer for my cooks, they are remarkable for superior cooking and cleanliness; what then can be the cause of it?" He replied, "O King! the rice was borne on soil brought from a cemetery; therefore the smell of dead bodies is in it." The king instantly sent for the royal provider, and asked him from whence he had brought the rice cooked for the Brahmin." He answered; "Your highness, it came from Shivapúra." The king then ordered the provider to bring the cultivators before him. Upon which, order was issued to the zemindàr to attend with the cultivators of the ground. On receiving this order, they all immediately attended; and the king asked them upon what ground the rice they had sold the royal provider had been cultivated? They said; "Sire, upon ground near a cemetery." Upon hearing this, the king said to the Brahmin: "You are indeed a nice discerner of tastes,

and ought to be appointed taster general to the world." The king then ordered a fine house to be prepared for the second brother. splendidly furnished, and a beautiful young virgin was selected to administer to his pleasures. Upon this, the second brother retired to enjoy himself with this beauty, and the king retired to another apartment of the palace, where he could notice unobserved every thing that passed between the young Brahmin and this fair damsel. The Brahmin began to converse with her, and they began to play and toy with each other; at last he wanted to embrace and kiss her; but finding some bad smell in her mouth, he refused all pleasures with her, and laid himself down very quietly to sleep. The king seeing this, retired likewise to his own apartments. At the time of *Durbár* next morning, he called the Brahmin, and said; "O Brahmin! I hope you have passed the night pleasantly." To which he replied; "Sire, I found no pleasure in the damsel you gave me." "Ah! how is this?" observed the king; "She was young, beautiful, and a virgin." He replied; "When I approached her, she had the same smell that a person would smell from the mouth of a kid; therefore I could not find any pleasure in her. The king then called for the procuress and inquired of her concerning the matter. She replied; "She is my sister's daughter; she having lost her mother in her infancy, I brought her up with the milk of a young she goat." Hearing this, the king said to the Brahmin; "You are indeed an excellent judge in regard to the fair sex." The king then ordered an excellent bed and well elevated to be prepared for the other brother. At day break, his majesty called him and asked how he had rested. He replied, "Sire, I have not had a wink of sleep during the whole night." "How is this?" asked his majesty. He replied, "Because in the seventh fold of the bed there was a hair, which during the whole night pricked me in the back. Upon examining the bed the hair was found, which made the king

exclaim; "Well, you are indeed a delicate sleeper and most superior in judging of good beds." Having concluded this relation, the Bytàl inquired; "O king! who was most dexterous among these three brothers?" He replied; "He, that gave judgment respecting good beds."

Upon this, the Bytál disappeared.

Tale XXIV.

In the city of Kalinga there once lived a Brahmin who had a most beautiful wife named Shòma-datta; she was of a fair complexion, her face was round as the full moon, and her eyes of a piercing brightness. It happened one day, as the Brahmin was performing his religious ceremonies, she was taken with the pains of child birth, and safely delivered of a beautiful little boy. At the age of five years, his father began to teach him the *Shàstras* and at the age of twelve he became greatly learned in all the sacred books; but still he remained subject to his father; some short time after this, he was taken ill and died, which caused great unhappiness to his parents. His father began to lament and cry out most bitterly, which caused all his friends to come around him, and strive to comfort him. They placed the boy on a ratha (car) and proceeded with him to the place of burning; but they could not help remarking, that although the boy was dead, his beauty was in no way diminished. While they were thus talking and preparing the funeral pile, the presence of a Yógì, that was setting near the place in deep meditation was unobserved. Hearing these remarks upon the beauty of the boy, he said to himself; "My body is old, and quite worn out; the body of this boy is young and

handsome; therefore it were better for me to use one of the many secrets I possess, and pass my soul into his body: then I can happily devote a long time more to the worship of the Supreme Being." In pursuance of this design, he caused his own soul to enter into the body of the corpse, which instantly rose up into life and pronounced the word Ram, to the great surprise of all the spectators. They without delay carried the boy home, being greatly amused at the event, and presented him to his father. When the father saw him, he was greatly astonished; but said nothing: in his astonishment, he first began to laugh, and then to cry. Why, O king! (continued the Bytál addressing the king) did the old Brahmin first laugh, and then cry?" "Why, because he knew," said the king, "that the Yògi had by his superior learning entered into the dead body of his son, at that he laughed; but when he considered that he himself must likewise die, he lamented that he had not the same power."

Upon this, the Bytál disappeared.

Tale XXV.

In the southern part of Hindustán, lies the city of Dharmapura. It was once governed by a king named Mahavala. A king of a neighbouring state made war upon the king Mahàvala, attacked him with a great force, and having overthrown him in battle, marched his forces forward, and entirely surrounded his capital. Mahàvala did all that a skilful general could do to save his country, but in vain; for a great number of his troops deserted to the enemy, and a great number were killed. The king seeing

himself in this helpless condition, and being without hopes of relief, saw it was in vain to strive further with his fate, therefore getting together a few jewels, he one night happily effected his escape with his wife and daughter, and fled into an adjacent forest.

After travelling for some miles, the dawn appeared and they saw a village at some distance nigh before them. The king said to his queen and daughter, "Sit you both under this tree, while I go alone to yonder village and procure some provisions for our support." On his way towards the village, the king was met by several herdsmen who ordered him to throw aside his arms. This so much enraged him that he wounded several of them with his arrows; but more of the herdsmen coming up, they waxed bold and when at last the king fell covered with wounds, they instantly cut off his head. The queen and the princess waited some time for his majesty; but he not coming they became greatly alarmed and fled further into the forest until being greatly exhausted, they laid themselves down to rest. It so happened, that at this time the king Chandra and his son, were out hunting. The king seeing the track of human feet, said to his son, "What is this? I see the traces of human feet in this lonely forest." The prince replied; "Yes, and it is the feet of women by the size, and the impression is of very recent date." The king said, "We will go in search of them; she with the large feet shall be thy prise, and she with the small feet, mine." By tracing the foot prints, they soon overtook the fugitives, at which they greatly rejoiced, and placing them on their horses, brought them in safety to their palace, and the Ràni became the wife of the prince, and the princess the wife of the king.

Here the Bytál paused, and inquired; "O king Vicramà-

what relationship will the children of those princesses bear to each other?" The king was silent. The Bytál continued: "O king Vicramà; I am perfectly satisfied with the various answers you have given to my tales, and likewise at your great courage and perseverance, for which you deserve some reward at my hands, therefore pay attention now to my words. A person having hairs on his body like unto thorns with his body like wood is coming in your country, he it was that sent you here to take me, while he remains behind muttering incantations and counting his beads for your success. Beware of him for his intention is to destroy you. Now listen to my caution, when you return to him with the corpse after sacrificing it, and finishing his prayers, he will order you to prostrate yourself before him. You must answer, I am a king therefore I have never bowed to any one; do you then instruct me how to do it, then I shall be happy to obey your commands. Upon this he will bend his body to show you the way, avail yourself of that moment, and with one blow of your scimitar cut off his head. This is a bold undertaking; but must be done, for then you will reign over your dominions in peace; but if your courage fail you, both your life and kingdom will be lost. Upon this corpse depends the success of the devotee's incantations: to your bravery and perseverance he is indebted for it; you have overcome all obstacles and terrors that I have laid to prevent your carrying it away; therefore it is now your lawful prize, nor can I prevent the devotee from reaping the fruit of your labors. the benefit that will accrue to him from the sacrifice of this magic corpse, that is, his obtaining the eighth part of power. He sent you here with the intention of killing you, for had you not answered all my questions rightly, your death would have been the consequence. His final success depends solely upon your courage; therefore, be bold, for courage only can overcome. I cannot in this assist you, success must depend upon yourself alone,

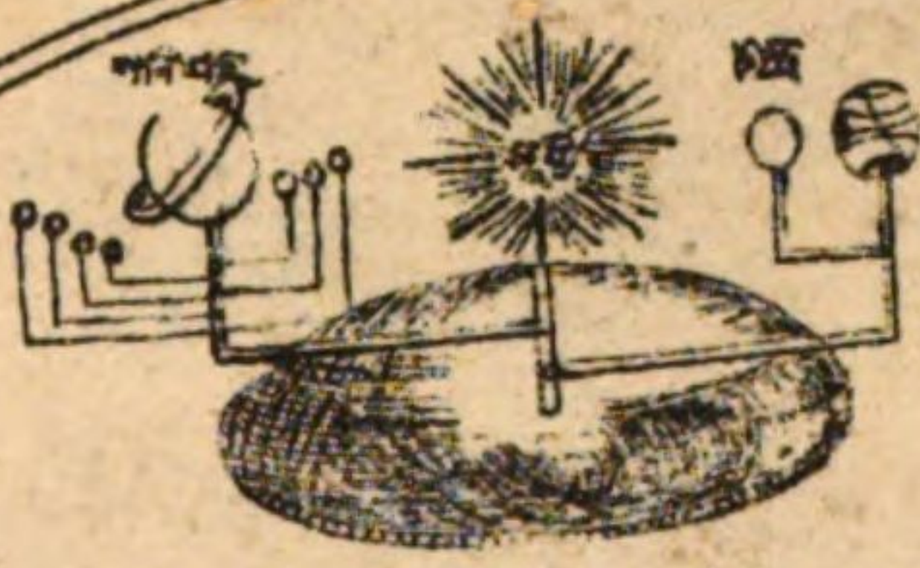
We desire his death, for if he lives, his power will be great; which he will use for the destruction of mankind and the enslaving of our race. Now farewell, be bold and you conquer; be fearful, and you perish!"

Upon this, the Bytàl (who was of the superior order of genii) left the body of the corpse and disappeared. The king took the corpse upon his shoulders, and without any further molestation took it safely to the devotee. By this time, the dawn had appeared. The devotee seeing the corpse highly extolled the king for his bravery, and then giving life to it by a certain charm, he sacrificed it at the hour of prayer along with other offerings he had prepared, and then performing his devotions, said to the king; "Now prostrate yourself before me, by doing this, your power and valour will be greatly increased, and the Goddess of fortune will for ever reside in your palace." The king recollecting the words of the Bytàl, said to the devotee with joined hands and great submission: "Sire, I am a king of kings, and therefore am not in the habit of doing what you command me, therefore know not how to do it; as you are my Guru I beg you will shew me the way, and then I shall be happy to do it."

Upon this, the devotee bowed himself to the ground before the king, and he taking this opportunity with one blow of his scimitar severed his head from his body. Upon seeing this, the Bytál instantly showered down flowers from the heavens around the king and instantly rendering himself visible, said, "There is no sin in killing that man who wishes to kill another." Indra and many other celestial beings were likewise witnesses of the king's bravery, and began to sing his praises in the heavens; and moreover, being greatly delighted with the king Vicrama, Indra appeared before him, and said, "O king Vickrama! I and

my court have been witnesses of your bravery; therefore ask of me what you will, and I will grant it." Vickrama replied; "Mighty Indra, I have power and riches in abundance; therefore I ask nothing, but that my renown may remain for ever in the world." Indra replied; "It shall be so; as long as the sun, moon, and stars exist, your renown shall remain: your praises shall be on every tongue, and while you live, you shall be the king of kings, and the most powerful potentate in the world." Saying this, Indra returned to his own palace, taking with him the corpse of the devotee, which he threw into a pot of boiling oil for the purpose of forming enchantments. The king remained for some moments in the same place, and on turning round, two genii appeared before him, and tendered him their homage. Seeing their submission, he made them swear, that whenever he called them they should attend, and faithfully execute all his commands; they swore to do so, and then disappeared. The king then returned to his own palace, and from that day reigned with great renown, and his fame was spread throughout the three worlds. Let praise and honor for ever attend the wise and the brave, but let infamy and disgrace follow the footsteps of the fool and the coward!

The End.



চন্দ্রগ্রহণ।

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